

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XVIII.

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## CATHOLIC POLITICS THIRTY YEARS AGO.

THERE is no greater mistake than that which identifies the political advancement of Catholics with the advancement of Catholicism itself. No doubt it would be pleasant enough to believe that the advancement of the one was necessarily the advancement of the other. It would spare the anxious observer many a fear, if he could persuade himself that whenever a Catholic prospers as a citizen, Catholicism itself is prospering in an equal degree. But, unhappily, the political prosperity of Catholics is scarcely any index at all of the spiritual progress of the true faith. One might almost as reasonably look upon the dainties of a good dinner as a proof of the healthy appetite and correct morals of the guests who sit down to eat it.

Still more unhappily, there are too many of us who are unconscious of the true state of the case as regards the Church and the world. In every part of Great Britain and Ireland there are to be found Catholics—good ones, too, in their way—who are in ecstasies when they hear of any decent civilities being shown to their fellow-Catholics by respectable or powerful Protestants. The smile of a minister they regard almost as an outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and the hour of the abrogation of a penal law as a sort of repetition of the day of Pentecost.

If these notions led to nothing else but the utterance of a few delighted drawing-room exclamations, or the raising of a few hopes to be prematurely blighted, no great harm would be done. We could afford to laugh in peace at such remarks as, “Would you believe it? The Duke of Blank went to hear Cardinal Wiseman preach;”—or “Lord So-and-so says he does not think Catholics are really idolaters, after all;”—or “Mr. Supple is just appointed to a valuable commissioner-ship; there really are hopes of the conversion of England.”

In the memory of many of us there never was a time when a certain class of pious gossips were not all agog with the conviction that some duchess or other was going to be converted. All this, no doubt, would be harmless, amusing, and simple enough, if it stopped here. The mischief follows when these hopes tend to blind us to the real nature of the contest which must ever be going on beneath the surface between the Church of Christ and the world, which is His enemy; and when they turn our attention away from that practical course of purely Catholic action which is the only means by which the spiritual advancement of our religion can be secured. In the Church there are at all times a large number of persons, highly respectable and worthy in their way; good and religious in reality, and who would shrink instinctively from any thing palpably worldly or heretical; but who are yet unable to realise with habitual vividness of apprehension the essentially *spiritual* character of the relationship between Catholicism and its foes. They stand at the opposite extreme from the race of genuine religious fanatics. These latter would ignore the very existence of every thing not purely spiritual or supernatural; they allow nothing for mixed motives in human actions, and want to see the affairs of the Church managed on "millennial" principles. The class of minds we now speak of are equally in error, though their error is the very reverse in kind. They are so much occupied with the political and social position of Catholics, as to overlook the grand truth, that temporal prosperity is not in the slightest degree *in itself* a token that religion is advancing and prosperous.

The real truth we take to be this:—that temporal prosperity is advantageous by its allowing the Church to develop her own resources, and to bring into action the weapons of her purely spiritual armory. The moment it tempts us to overlook the deadly hostility which must ever exist, however latent, between the world and the Church, it becomes so far not a gain, but an evil. We may rest assured that when the world smiles upon us, it smiles upon us for its own purposes and not for ours. Those purposes may be innocent, conscientiously contemplated, and, when viewed in the natural order of things, even good; but they are not our purposes. The end the world thus seeks is not the destruction of sin and the glory of Jesus Christ, which are our ends as Catholics. Nay, more, there may be individual Protestants whose honourable conduct towards Catholicism and Catholics may be partially influenced by some such spiritual motives as those which guide us. Divine grace may be operating upon their minds,



and making them its instruments in a work of whose nature they have but an imperfect conception. Still, these are the exceptions; and their conduct cannot be permanently reckoned on as thoroughly trustworthy, however much we may applaud it and rejoice in it.

Entertaining a deep conviction of the importance of the opinions thus stated, we have never ceased to be grateful for the change in popular English feeling which took place upon the establishment of the hierarchy. Pitying most heartily those among the Catholic poor who suffered, as many did, from the relentless harshness of Protestant masters and employers, we have felt all along that the rebuff which the world then gave us was a most wholesome correction, and very much needed. We were beginning to think a great deal too much of the improved tone of our relationships with the world. Captivated by the amiability of the press, and of men of "liberal" sentiments in general, we were forgetting the immense necessities of our own poor, and the paramount claims of our own brothers in Christ. The results of Catholic "emancipation" were fast growing not a little questionable as to their influence on religion; and the fierce wordy onslaught of Lord John Russell, and the multitude who barked at his heels, was just the very thing to recal us to our sober senses. If, indeed, it had gone much further, it might have proved a serious obstacle to the development of our spiritual resources. But the mercy of God restrained the teeth of the enemy, while it allowed him to bark himself to exhaustion; and for ourselves, we cannot but regard that national outburst of wrath both as a providential interference in our behalf, and as a sign that, in some mysterious way, the minds of our countrymen are preparing for a great and glorious change;—not, perhaps, in our day, but before the end of all things.

Placed thus, as we now are, in a peculiar and apparently transition state, it is curious to look back, and recal the condition of "Catholic interests" as they were understood in a generation now rapidly passing away. With so many things to encourage, and many also to dishearten us, it is with a singular and almost melancholy interest that memory summons back the scenes and personages that absorbed public Catholic attention five-and-twenty or thirty years ago. The days of the old "Catholic association" are already so completely gone by, that we seem almost to be reading a book of past history when we recollect how we Catholics then stood in the eyes of our fellow-countrymen. The events of the last twenty years have rushed on so rapidly, each fresh one almost obliterating the memory of its predecessor, that it is difficult to realise the

condition of popular Catholic feeling which less than a generation ago seemed part and parcel of the condition of Irish and English Catholicism.

Some such thoughts as these will perhaps have occurred to those of our readers who have taken up two very recent publications—the *Legal and Political Sketches of the Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil*, and *Sheil's Life*, by Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh. The former is a republication of papers originally contributed by Sheil to the *New Monthly Magazine*; but so long a time has elapsed since their first appearance, that to most readers they wear the guise of an altogether new book. The latter is, if we may so say, too new a book. Mr. M'Cullagh has written Sheil's life before its time. There are too many men alive, either personally or by relationship connected with the leaders in the Catholic emancipation and repeal movements, to allow of a complete telling of all things desirable to be told. Very justly, therefore, respecting the feelings of living persons, Mr. M'Cullagh has avoided some subjects on which curiosity would be most alive.

It is to Sheil's own writings that we are more disposed to refer for a few pictures of men and events in the agitated period during which our fathers struggled and won their victory. Whether or not they will tend to raise or diminish our estimate of the character of some of the foremost personages of the day, will depend upon the nature of the estimate we have already formed. At any rate, it can do us no harm to recal the character of men so distinguished as Sheil, as drawn or displayed by himself; and to observe how he viewed and painted the times in which he was so conspicuous an actor.

In thus looking back, it is but natural to ask ourselves whether the results of the immense labour devoted to the work of emancipation by such men as O'Connell, and the energetic activity of so many of the Catholic clergy, has been repaid by the practical results of the Emancipation Act. Considering that millions of British and Irish Catholics of all ranks believed that the progress and almost existence of Catholicism depended upon the admittance of Catholics to the legislature, it is impossible to help saying to ourselves, "Have the expectations thus raised been fulfilled? or was it all a splendid delusion?" What, then, *in fact*, have we gained by emancipation?

The natural reply to the question is other questions. "What was the exact nature of the advantages which Catholics *expected* from emancipation? What were the precise and tangible results which it was held would be accomplished by Catholic Peers in the Upper House, and by M.Ps. in the



Lower? What were they to do *for religion?*" What they were to do *for themselves* is of course quite another consideration; and we do not exactly imagine that the United Kingdom was shaken to its foundations in order to enable some very questionable nobleman, or still more questionable gentleman, to use his legislative position to his own private advantage.

These second queries, however, it is not easy to answer; nor is it necessary. The fact is, that *whatever* were the anticipations of the past generation of Catholics, *hitherto* they have not been fulfilled. When we look back, and sum up the gains to our religion which have been won to us by our Catholic legislators, the total is simply nothing. There is not one single advantage that has accrued to us, of the little that has really accrued to us, which is traceable to the parliamentary influence of Catholic peers and representatives. Whether it is that they have mistaken their line, or been deficient in capacity or sincerity, or that they have contrived by their divisions and manœuvring to neutralise whatever power they might have wielded, the practical result of their presence in Parliament is precisely *nil*.

A year or two ago, indeed, an improvement began; and we heartily trust it may continue. But this improvement was merely in the position of Catholicism before the Houses of Parliament; nothing yet has *resulted* from the change. Until quite recently, the one man who stood before his brother-legislators as *the* representative of Catholic interests, as such, and as the lever by which the weight of the penal law was to be finally removed from the faith, was—Mr. Chisholm Anstey! Could there be a more bitter satire on the Parliamentary influence of Catholics in favour of their religion?

Have we, then, gained nothing by the Emancipation Act? Far from it. Whether those who won emancipation were correct or not in their anticipations of the manner in which religion would gain by the victory, there can be no doubt that we are in a far healthier and better condition for promoting the true spiritual interests of Catholicism than we were while the time of political bondage remained. The effects of the *irritation* produced by our social subordination were of a kind little short of disastrous. The consciousness of an intense wrong inflicted upon us tended to produce a susceptibility on all kindred subjects, and an exaggerated value for political privileges, which distracted our minds, and kept us from turning our whole energies to our own internal advancement. The government that yielded emancipation, with the view of "tranquillising" Ireland, was little aware that this very "tranquillising" would have an effect upon Catholics very different from



that which their Protestant persecutors expected. So far from making Catholics more worldly, more time-serving, more eager as a class for the prizes of this life, the consequence of the political tranquillising has been the increase of spiritual activity. Having won seats in Parliament for a handful of representatives—good, bad, and indifferent, we have betaken ourselves to thinking more earnestly than before of something far nobler than a ministerial or opposition bench, namely, the souls of our fellow-Catholics, and their education and our own. Irish and English Catholicism has indeed been tranquillised; but the tranquillity has tended more powerfully to the spiritual advance of our religion than all the political agitation that ever was got up in defence of the outworks of the faith.

This view of our past and present condition is not, perhaps, that which has been most generally acquiesced in. But the question is, whether or not it is the fact. And we repeat, that whatever may be the gains to Catholicism *hereafter* to result from the labours of Catholic peers and members of the Commons, as yet we owe them little or nothing. The immense strides that religion has made in Ireland and England have been wholly irrespective of the position of our Catholic legislators. The original endowment and subsequent enlargement of Maynooth were Protestant in their origin. In the recent report on Maynooth, beneficial as it must be to Catholicism, Catholic legislators have had no share. The rescuing of the Irish National Education System from the hands of the proselytisers was the work of no politician in either house: Dr. Cullen, the Papal Legate, did it single-handed. The improved tone of feeling with respect to our nuns and clergy is owing to the presence of our fellow-Catholics in the army, and still more to the piety and heroism of our clergy and religious women at the seat of war and in the crowded hospital. The new Catholic University in Dublin is entirely the work of the Pope, the Catholic prelates, and the general devotion of the faithful; our political notorieties having been, with very few exceptions, little better than mere lookers-on, while some have been scarcely disguised opponents or insidious friends. As to staying the progress of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill during the anti-hierarchy frenzy, we verily believe that, taking our Catholic representatives and peers as a body, their character and mode of acting was such as rather to provoke persecution than to allay it. Not that we expect that this incompetence for good is always to continue. We hope for the very reverse, and trust that the day may soon come, when the struggles for emancipation will have their appropriate reward, in the existence of a body of powerful Catholic peers and representa-

tives, whose distinguishing mark will not be their disunion and quarrels with each other, but their high personal character, and their entire and enlightened devotion to the interests, not of themselves, but of the Catholic Church and her children. Whether, however, this be soon the case or not, we still are most thankful to those who fought and won the battle of emancipation; and it is in no spirit of ingratitude for their services that we rejoice to find our lot cast in a day when Catholic energies are more exclusively devoted to other and nobler aims.

It is, therefore, with tolerably calm, though deeply interested feelings, that we turn to the sketches of those old exciting days, as supplied by one of the chief actors in the drama of the time. Next to O'Connell, Sheil was the most distinguished Catholic speaker in the Lower House; and in the popular eye, especially when he became one of the government, was regarded as holding a position at least approaching that of O'Connell himself. Here, then, we have him before us, in the record of his own views and of the leading scenes of the day; and we have no hesitation whatever in saying, that it is well for the Church that every day such "representatives" of Catholicism are, we trust, growing more scarce. As a book, his *Legal and Political Sketches* are entertaining and instructive, especially the second of the two volumes. Though artificial and laboured in style, they are extremely clever and even brilliant; and more than that, they are sincere, as expressions of the opinions, feelings, and general character of their accomplished author, and as trustworthy reminiscences of men and deeds now past away, and in danger of being too soon forgotten.

Sheil's intellectual calibre was not great. He was essentially a rhetorician, a man of words. O'Connell called him "an iambic rhapsodist." This was hardly fair; but we can well imagine that a man of O'Connell's intellectual bone and sinew, and of his practical turn of mind, must have been impatient of the excessive taste for sentence-turning of an orator like Sheil. Of O'Connell's capacity for ruling men and conducting affairs, Sheil had little or none. Indeed, striking as was the superiority of O'Connell as a speaker to all his fellow-countrymen, his pre-eminence as a man of practical sagacity and untiring energy was quite as remarkable.\* Sheil, however, was undeniably a rhetorician of a high order; caustic, witty, pungent, overwhelming, and happy in his allusions. Still it was all done in cold blood, however apparently fiery

\* Lord Jeffrey, no incompetent critic, accounted O'Connell the first orator not only of Ireland, but of the United Kingdom.



was his delivery. He had the habit all through life of writing out beforehand all that he meant to speak. Mr. M'Cullagh thus describes his proceedings in the great O'Connell case in 1843, when he actually recited his speech to the reporters beforehand. It really makes the whole thing look exceedingly like stage thunder-and-lightning :

"With his hands wrapped in flannel, he kept moving slowly up and down the room, repeating with great rapidity, and occasionally with his wonted vehemence of intonation, passage after passage, and paragraph after paragraph ; then, wearied with the strange and irksome effort, he would lay himself down upon a sofa, and after a short pause recommence his expostulation with the jury, his allusions to the Bench, and his sarcastic apostrophes to the counsel for the Crown. On he went, with but brief interruptions, and a few pauses to correct or alter, until the whole was finished, and had been accurately noted down. Written out with care, it was sent to the printer ; and at the moment when he rose to speak in court, printed copies were in the hands of those who had faithfully rendered his ideas previously. As he proceeded, they were thus enabled to mark easily and rapidly any slight variations of phraseology ; but these for the most part were so few and trivial as to cause little delay in the correction of the proofs."

With a homage to Sheil's oratorical powers, and his activity and literary brilliancy, our praise must end. The book before us does him little credit either as an Irishman or a Catholic. We all know that the profession of patriotism costs nothing, and that it is put off quite as easily as it is put on. But really Sheil's coolness on the subject is too bad. He tells us that "the love of Ireland appears to have been a *family disease*" with the Fitzgeralds, and "*a malady of the heart!*" And thus he writes on the family character: "The Fitzgeralds gradually became attached to the country, and were designated as the ultra-Irish, from the barbarous nationality, of which, in the course of that series of rebellions dignified by the name of Irish history, they gave repeated proof. They were of that class of insurgents who earned the ignominious (!) appellation of '*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores.*'" (Vol. ii. p. 67.)

His description of his emotions on visiting England with the Catholic deputation in 1825 is to our taste any thing but honourable to him. He is overpowered with a sense of England's superiority to Ireland; and why? Because England was rich, and Ireland was poor! Of course, he had as good a right as any one else to institute a comparison between Ireland and England, or between any other countries on the face of the globe; and we have little sympathy with that blinded nationalism, whether English, Irish, French, Italian, or Ameri-



can, which can see no faults at home and no merits abroad. But it is only a debased state of mind which can look down upon its own country because it is poor; and toady another, and that (like England) a persecuting country, because it is wealthy. Here is the description of O'Connell on the same occasion. Sheil was not the man to understand O'Connell:

"A man like Mr. O'Connell, who, by the force of his natural eloquence, produces a great emotion in the midst of an enthusiastic assembly of ardent and high-blooded men; who is hailed by the community of which he is the leading member as their chief and champion; who is greeted with popular benedictions as he passes; whose name resounds in every alley, and 'stands rubric' on every wall,—can with difficulty resist the intoxicating influence of so many exciting causes, and becomes a sort of political opium-eater, who must be torn from these seductive indulgences, in order to reduce him into perfect soundness and soberness of thought.

"His deputation to England produced an almost immediate effect upon him. As we advanced, the din of popular assemblies became more faint; the voice of the multitude was scarcely heard in the distance, and at last died away. He seemed half-English at Shrewsbury, and was nearly saxonised when we entered the murky magnificence of Warwickshire. As we surveyed the volcanic region of manufactures, and saw a thousand Etnas vomiting their eternal fires, the recollections of Erin passed away from his mind, and the smoky glories of Wolverhampton took possession of his soul. The feeling which attended our progress through England was not a little increased by our approach to its huge metropolis."

Nor does Sheil appear to more advantage as a Catholic. There is little or nothing in these volumes distinctly irreligious or anti-Catholic; but the tone of many parts is extremely offensive; and there is no concealment of the writer's distaste for any thing which made religious considerations absolutely paramount to worldly advantages. The paper called "The Exorcism of a Divine" is about as scoffing a production, under the guise of an anti-Protestant squib, as can well be conceived. The manner in which Sheil here treats the entire subject of miracles, and of Prince Hohenlohe's in particular, is quite intolerable. The two curious sketches called "Recollections of the Jesuits" have much that is objectionable in the same way; but at the same time, this very feature in Sheil's character confers a peculiar trustworthiness on certain statements which he makes in reference to men whom he plainly regards as little better than fanatics. One paragraph on the Stonyhurst Jesuits we must quote, as bearing on the common notion that a Jesuit is necessarily destitute of patriotism:

"I can safely appeal to every person who has been educated at

Stonyhurst, when I assert, as I most emphatically do, that a base political sentiment was never made a matter of either immediate or indirect inculcation. The Jesuits there were strongly attached to the constitution and liberties of their country. For the glory of England, notwithstanding political disqualifications which affected the Roman Catholics, they felt a deep and enthusiastic interest: of this I recollect a remarkable instance.

"The students were assembled in order to witness some experiments in galvanism, which a gentleman, who brought to the college a philosophical apparatus, had been employed to perform. In the midst of profound attention, a person rushed in, and exclaimed that Nelson had won a great victory. There was an immediate cheer given by the Jesuits, and echoed by the boys. Presently a newspaper was received, and the whole college gathered round the reader with avidity; and when the details of the battle of Trafalgar were heard, there were repeated acclamations at almost every sentence; and when the narrative had been concluded, continued shouts for 'old England' were sent up, and every cap was thrown into the air, in celebration of the great event, by which the navy of France was annihilated and our masterdom of the ocean was confirmed. Several days for rejoicing were given to the students; and a poem, which I then, at least, considered a fine one, in honour of the battle, was composed by one of the Jesuits, and admirably recited in the great hall, which was appropriated to such exhibitions."

Of these same Jesuits he also says, that they "took care to make no distinction between the children of tradesmen and the descendants of the oldest aristocracy of the island;" and that in their school "blasphemy and indecency of expression were wholly unknown;" adding, "I think I may state, with perfect truth, that during the whole time I continued in the college I never heard a syllable at which the modesty of a girl could have been startled."

Perhaps the most entertaining and characteristic of the sketches are those on "the Clare Election." The portraits of the chief labourers in the emancipation cause are drawn with great spirit and power, but by no means in too complimentary a strain. Some of them make us rejoice that our best advocates of the present day are men of a different stamp. Conceive a gentleman now-a-days defending the cause of Catholicism, as Steele did, by "intimating his readiness *to fight* any landlord who should conceive himself to be aggrieved by an interference with his tenants;" or a priest, like "Father Tom" Maguire, taking a prominent part as a political leader, who was "noted for his conviviality, and as celebrated for his punch as for his polemics." Sheil's portraiture of "Jack Lawless" may be taken as a specimen either of his theory on oratorical excellence, or of his caustic habit of "damning with

faint praise" his coadjutors and competitors in agitation. Certainly his notions of what constitutes "exceedingly graceful and appropriate action" are, to say the least, somewhat peculiar :

"Lawless has many distinguished qualifications as a public speaker. His voice is deep, round, and mellow, and is diversified by a great variety of rich and harmonious intonation. His action is exceedingly graceful and appropriate : he has a good figure, which, by a purposed swell and dilation of the shoulders, and an elaborate erectness, he turns to good account ; and by dint of an easy fluency of good diction, a solemn visage, an aquiline nose of no vulgar dimension, eyes glaring underneath a shaggy brow with a certain fierceness of emotion, a quizzing-glass, which is gracefully dangled in any pauses of thought or suspensions of utterance, and, above all, by a certain attitude of dignity, which he assumes in the crisis of eloquence, accompanied with a flinging back of his coat, which sets his periods beautifully off, 'Honest Jack' has become one of the most popular and efficient speakers at the Association."

Another of our prominent supporters, Lord French, he thus describes :

"He was a very tall, brawny, pallid, and ghastly-looking man, with a peculiarly revolutionary aspect ; and realised the ideal notions which one forms of the men who are most likely to become formidable and conspicuous in the midst of a political convulsion. He had a long and oval visage, of which the eyebrows were thick and shaggy, and whose aquiline nose stood out in peculiar prominence ; while a fierce smile sat upon cheeks as white as parchment, and his eyes glared with the spirit that sat within them. His manners were characterised by a sort of drawling urbanity, which is observable among the ancient Catholic gentry of Connaught ; and he was studiously and sometimes painfully polite. He was not a scholar, and must have received an imperfect education. But his mind was originally a powerful one ; and his deep voice, which rolled out in a peculiarly melancholy modification of the Irish brogue, had a dismal and appalling sound. He spoke with fluency a diction which belonged exclusively to him. It was pregnant with vigorous but strange expression, which was illustrated by gesture as bold, but as wild. *He was an ostentatious duellist, and had frequent recourse to gladiatorial intimations.* Pride was his leading trait of character, and he fell a victim to it."

Sheil, of course, was no friend to those who opposed the veto. Accordingly, he takes no pains to conceal his dislike for those who resisted it. Here is his sketch of Dr. Drumgoole. Observe, we pray, his "*I believe*," when speaking of the Doctor's religious sincerity :

"An individual, who is now dead, about this time made a great



sensation, not only in the Catholic Association, but through the empire. This was the once famous Doctor Drumgoole, whom Lord Kenyon seems determined not to allow to remain in peace. He was the grand anti-vetoist; and was, I believe, a most sincere and unaffected sentinel of religion.

"The Doctor's speech may be considered as a kind of epoch in Catholic politics; for he was the first who ventured to employ against the opponents of emancipation the weapons which are habitually used against the professors of the Roman Catholic religion. Men who swear that the creed of the great majority of Christians is idolatrous and superstitious should not be very sensitive when their controversial virulence is turned upon them. The moment Doctor Drumgoole's philippic on the Reformation appeared, a great outcry took place, and Roman Catholics were not wanting to modify and explain away the Doctor's scholastic vituperation. He himself, however, was fixed and stubborn as the rock on which he believed that his doctrines were built. No kind of apology could be extorted from him. He was, indeed, a man of a peculiarly stubborn and inflexible cast of mind. It must, however, be admitted, that for every position which he advanced, he was able to adduce very strong and cogent reasoning. He was a physician by profession; but in practice and in predilection he was a theologian of the most uncompromising sort. He had a small fortune, which rendered him independent of patients; and he addicted himself, strenuously and exclusively, to the study of the scholastic arts.

"He was beyond doubt a very well-informed and a clever man. He had a great command of speech, and yet was not a pleasing speaker. He was slow, monotonous, and invariable. His countenance was full of medical and theological solemnity, and he was wont to carry a huge stick with a golden head, on which he used to press both his hands in speaking; and indeed, from the manner in which he swayed his body, and knocked his stick at the end of every period to the ground, which he accompanied with a species of strange and guttural 'hem!' he seemed to me a kind of rhetorical pavior, who was busily engaged in making the great road of liberty, and paving the way to emancipation. The Doctor was in private life a very good and gentle-natured man. You could not stir the placidity of his temper unless you touched upon the veto; and upon that point he was scarcely master of himself."

With this characteristic specimen of the brilliant orator's style we take our leave of him, repeating what has been already said, that the book will supply a few hours' lively and amusing reading, but that it kindles no sentiments of regard for its author either as an Irishman or as a Catholic.

## COMPTON HALL;

OR,

*The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.*

## CHAPTER XII.

## DISCOVERIES.

WHAT followed upon the abduction of the terrified Louise, on the night of the ball at Compton Hall, I need not relate, as the events of the day to which I now carry on my recollections will tell all.

On this day I appeared at the assizes of the county-town of ——shire, subpoenaed as a witness on the trial of one “Edward Seymour,” on a whole host of counts; the said Edward Seymour having contrived, within the space of one year, to commit as large and as varied a number of enormities as would furnish subjects for half-a-dozen trials. Sir Charles ——, one of the most distinguished barristers of the day, was retained to lead for the prosecution. I need hardly add, that he was a Tory of the purest water, or he would not have been employed in a case in which Miss Compton was especially interested. On the side of the defence, Mr. Sergeant Wimpole led; and the junior counsel on each side were not unworthy of the abilities of their seniors. The crowd in the court was immense; for the interest of the trial was one which extended to almost all classes, and the gossip which had got abroad since the apprehension of Seymour had stimulated curiosity to the utmost. The array of witnesses was large; and the audience were in expectation of hearing the revelation of certain curious family secrets, which they anticipated with the utmost relish.

Silence being with some difficulty established, and the preliminaries gone through, Sir Charles ——, twisting his wig —(a most villanous-looking and dilapidated thing it was)—into what was meant for a proper position, and hitching-up his trowsers, which appeared to be fastened on in the approved Jack-Tar fashion, thus opened his case. Never did a man’s slovenly appearance more completely belie the order and method of his mind, or give less promise of the charms of voice, elocution, and evident sincerity, which rivetted the listener before three sentences were finished:

“ My lord, and gentlemen of the jury,” said he, “ it is my painful duty to call your attention to one of the most unhappy histories of perverted abilities, abused opportunities, and reckless attacks on the property and happiness of others, which it has ever been my lot to witness in the course of a long professional career. Born in the station of a gentleman, and gifted with talents of no common order, the prisoner, Edward Seymour, has for years past been gradually sinking to the level of the worst classes of society, and now stands arraigned at the bar of justice, accused, at the very least, of participating in crimes for which the heaviest penalty of the law is due. He stands, moreover, an instance of the retribution which almost inevitably follows upon a prolonged course of reckless conduct, when the crimes whose detection has at first seemed impossible are at length brought suddenly to light by some unexpected turn of events, and the discoveries of a single day resolve the enigmas perhaps of an entire life. Still further, the prisoner at the bar is an example of that terrible influence which seems almost to drive the guilty to be their own accusers; when their own uncontrolled passions literally place them in the hands of justice, and when even the less reprehensible parts of their character become the stimulants which urge them on to their final ruin.”

Thus continued Sir Charles ——— through all the usual stages of a speech for the prosecution, sketching the whole case; and powerfully, but without exaggeration, darkening the picture of the prisoner's guilt by incidentally introducing the misery he had caused to others in following out his schemes. I need not give his speech in detail, as the examination of the witnesses was more absorbingly interesting; and on their testimony the value of Sir Charles's oratory entirely depended. He showed, I thought, his great tact by calling his witnesses in just such order as would enable him to present their evidence to the jury as so many links in one chain; and still more, in only extracting from each of them just so much of their knowledge as bore upon one particular event in the series which he was elucidating, reserving the rest for a fresh examination at a later period of the day. Instead, also, of beginning with the commencement of the offences with which Seymour was charged, he began with the last, gradually working his way upwards to the first occasion when he appeared on the scene.

The first witness examined was Mademoiselle Fanchette herself. She deposed to the fact of Seymour's having carried her off on horseback, assisted by his companions, on the night of the yeomanry ball at Compton Hall; when she was pursued



and rescued by some of the men present, and Seymour himself was captured. The testimony was too clear to be shaken; and the only thing that remained for Mr. Sergeant Wimpole, on the part of Seymour, was to try to damage Louise in the eyes of the jury.

"And so, Mademoiselle Fanchette," began the sergeant, with an air of perfect friendliness, "I suppose you have been receiving the addresses of my client, Mr. Seymour, for some time past?"

"Yes, certainly," said the unconscious Louise.

"Then, after the encouragement you had given him, you were not surprised at his sudden appearance at the ball, and the urgency of his request that you would marry him?" continued the crafty Wimpole.

"My lord!" exclaimed Sir Charles, "I object to that question. The witness, though she speaks English well, may easily be entrapped by the acuteness of my learned friend. I object to his assuming that she *encouraged* the prisoner's addresses."

"I encourage them!" interposed Louise, amazed; "I never could bear the man."

"Will you swear that you never asked any person's advice as to what you should do with respect to Mr. Seymour's addresses?" asked Wimpole.

"No, I will not," replied Louise.

"Whom did you consult?" asked the sergeant.

"M. de Villeul," said Louise.

"And, pray, who is M. de Villeul?" inquired Wimpole, though he knew perfectly well.

"My spiritual director," replied she, with unsuspecting simplicity.

"I thought so," cried Wimpole, turning round to the jury with a cunning look, that seemed to say to them, "Here's a girl under the power of one of those designing Popish priests!"

"And no doubt you have many interesting conversations with this M. de Villeul?" continued Wimpole, again addressing Louise.

"Sometimes," said she; upon which the sergeant again glanced knowingly at the jury.

"No doubt he asks you a good many questions, this *spiritual* director of yours?" said Wimpole, with a special emphasis on the word "spiritual."

"Not very many," said she.

"Oh!" exclaimed the sergeant, with an air of incredulity. "What sort of questions does he ask you?"

"What sort?" rejoined Louise; "why, the sort of questions as unlike as can be to those you are asking me."

"I submit, my lord," again interposed Sir Charles, "that these questions are altogether irrelevant; but lest it should seem to prejudice the witness in the judgment of the jury, I consent to the learned sergeant's proceeding with them."

The learned sergeant, however, could make nothing of the little Frenchwoman; and at last exclaimed, in chagrin:

"I have no doubt this spiritual friend of yours would tell a different story if he were here."

"He is here," cried Louise; while a conference began between the Abbé (who was in court) and the counsel for the prosecution, which resulted in M. de Villeul's appearing as the next witness. Sir Charles put two or three trifling questions to him, for form's sake, and he then handed him over to cross-examination by Wimpole. After a little preliminary bullying and impertinence, the sergeant said:

"Will you swear that you never advised this young lady, against her own inclinations, to refuse the addresses of the prisoner?"

"That I will swear," said De Villeul.

"Did she ever give you to understand that she was disposed to admit his addresses, and, in fact, would have been glad to marry him?"

"No."

"Did she ever on *any* occasion consult you, in your spiritual capacity, and you gave her advice contrary to her inclinations?"

The Abbé paused and reflected; then replied:

"I cannot answer that question."

"Do I understand that you refuse to answer the question?"

"I do."

"You refuse to say whether or not Mademoiselle Fanchette told you she should like to marry the prisoner?"

The Abbé looked intensely disgusted and miserable, but again said:

"I do refuse it. I cannot help it, whatever the consequences."

Any one who had been watching the countenances of the jury at this moment would have seen that Wimpole's cunning was producing a most decided impression upon them, unfavourable to Louise. Again and again he put the question, slightly varied, to the unhappy Abbé, and received invariably the same reply.

Meanwhile a whispering was taking place between Louise

and Sir Charles; and the latter suddenly stood up, and exclaimed:

"My lord, I am, I fear, irregular; but the circumstances are peculiar. The last witness (Mademoiselle Fanchette) authorises the witness under examination to tell every thing that has passed between him and herself on the present subject."

The Abbé's countenance brightened, and Wimpole resumed:

"Do you still refuse to answer my previous question?"

"No, I do not."

"Then why have you hitherto refused?"

"Because it was under the seal of confession."

"Then, under that seal, you did advise her on the subject of the prisoner's addresses?"

"I am not sure."

"Cannot you remember it distinctly?"

"I can remember it most distinctly; but I am not sure."

"What do you mean, sir? Are you trifling with justice? If you remember it distinctly, why are you not sure?"

"Because Mademoiselle Fanchette never mentioned the name of the person about whom she consulted me; and I only guessed it was the prisoner at the bar after he was apprehended."

"You may go down," replied Wimpole, perceiving that he should get nothing by further teasing the old priest, whose venerable and polished appearance only made the sergeant's rudeness the more apparent.

The next witnesses were two of the yeomanry corps, who testified to the identity of the prisoner with the person who had carried off Louise on the night of the ball.

To them succeeded Miss Compton herself. Her evidence chiefly related to the memorable interview and chase on horseback, when she had seized the lost packet that was held out to her, and had dropped it in making her final leap over the stream. The difficulty, at this point, was to establish the identity of Seymour with her antagonist on that occasion. He had been so muffled up, and his face was so deeply shaded by his hat, that Miss Compton could not positively swear that he was the man. All who had witnessed the tremendous blow which she had given him on the face with her hunting-whip had supposed that he must have been recognisable by the scar; but no such mark was visible. Whether from any knowledge of what was likely to occur, I know not; but as soon as Sir Charles failed in inducing Miss Compton to swear to the identity of the prisoner, he asked her what kind of a person was the man who had met her in the field.



"Was he a gentleman, now, should you say?" asked he.

"No gentleman would conduct himself to a lady as that fellow did," replied she, with a tone of utter scorn.

Hearing this, the prisoner's face flushed with indignation, and the mark of the stripe across his countenance appeared strikingly visible, a livid red in colour. Sir Charles instantly drew universal attention to its appearance; and the eyes of every one being fixed on the man, his agitation increased, and the scar showed more decidedly than ever. At this point Sir Charles proceeded to the finding of the ring in the library drawer; and here, again, he displayed a singular acuteness in leading on the prisoner to assist in his own condemnation. The whole history of the finding of the ring was given; though there was, as yet, no proof advanced that it had ever been in Seymour's possession. The rest of Miss Compton's evidence turned on the discoveries in the closet in the library. The piece of paper which it will be remembered I had noticed that she picked up from the closet floor was produced, and proved, to my extreme surprise, to be the identical note of invitation which had been written to me, on the day previous to the attack on the Hall, by Miss Compton herself, and which I had never received. In those days, when there was no penny post, people only used envelopes when they had franks, or were reckless of postage; and thus it happened that the address was on the same sheet as the note itself. It was, however, in a different handwriting from the note itself, and was not my address, but was directed to the Reverend Obed Gathercole, Post Office, Arkworth. All this was carefully drawn out in the examination by Sir Charles; though how it was to bear on the questions at issue did not yet appear.

Next came the marks of fresh clay discovered on the floor of the same closet, of which it appeared that more had been made than I was aware of. The spots of dirt had been found to bear the distinct impression of hob-nailed shoes, and which, though a good deal trampled about in the middle of the closet floor, were perfectly unbroken towards the sides. A pair of clumsy shoes was produced, which Miss Compton, and two witnesses who followed her, but whose evidence I need not more particularly recall, swore had exactly fitted the marks as found on the day of the discovery. The closet had been kept locked and sealed; and it was given in evidence that the prints still remained on the floor untouched and distinct.

In cross-examining Miss Compton, Wimpole fell into the very trap which Sir Charles, for a purpose of his own, had laid for him. Instructed, no doubt, by the prisoner himself, he attempted to throw discredit on her evidence in general,

by making her confess that she had implied that the ring had dropped off the prisoner's hand into the drawer where it had been found, while she had no means (as far as appeared) of knowing that the ring ever belonged to him.

"You say," said he, "that the ring must have dropped off the prisoner's finger."

"I say," replied Miss Compton, "that I believe it fell off the hand of the person who stole the missing packet."

"Permit me to examine the ring more closely," continued Wimpole.

The ring was handed to him.

"I request, my lord," he went on, "that this ring be tried upon the fingers of the prisoner, that we may see whether it is physically possible that he can ever have worn it."

The trial was immediately made, several persons crowding round the prisoner while it was going on. He held out his hand boldly, and the ring was tried, but it was too large by far for his smallest finger, and would not go on any of the others.

"My learned brother is going a little too fast," here interposed Sir Charles, as Wimpole was about to return the ring, with an air of triumph at the result. "I ask that the ring be tried on the prisoner's right hand, as well as on his left."

Wimpole seemed to think this quite straightforward; but the prisoner betrayed the extremest reluctance to submit. Seeing this, the sergeant exclaimed: "My lord, I have no wish to press this point further. Even if the ring had fitted, this would have proved nothing against the prisoner."

"On the contrary," responded Sir Charles, "a very material portion of the evidence depends on the trial of the ring on the prisoner's right hand. If my learned brother objects to its being tried on, the jury will fully understand that he is anxious to conceal from them something of the highest importance."

Wimpole, well aware of the effect of such an insinuation on a jury already by no means prepossessed in the prisoner's favour, unwillingly consented. I had been told by Sir Charles to be close to the prisoner, so as to be able to observe his hand most accurately; and I was prepared accordingly. When the right hand was shown, it appeared that the upper joint of the smallest finger was gone, and on the back of the hand was a large dark mole. The fingers, generally, were a little shrivelled; and no one who had once seen the hand could easily forget its appearance. The ring was found to fit the third finger perfectly.

Two men next corroborated Miss Compton's statements in certain respects; and were followed by a heavy-looking la-

bouring man, who swore to the fact that the shoes which had been found in the closet were his, and that he had lent them, with a whole suit of his working-day clothes, to the prisoner at the bar, who had paid him handsomely for the loan. Wimpole strove hard to confuse this witness, and attempted to make him incriminate himself; but his testimony was too clear to be shaken; and he was followed by two more, who swore to his having been in their company, sitting up the whole night of the attack upon the Hall.

I myself was next examined. I first gave a minute description of the appearance of the prisoner's hand, as I had just seen it; and then related the history of the inexplicable note I had received on the morning of the attack, which was directed to myself, but of the meaning of which I had not been able to form the faintest idea. I also gave evidence of the identity of a letter now produced with that which I had received.

After me came the postmaster of Arkworth. The two letters, that which I had received, and that which was found in the closet, were handed to him; and he swore to the postmarks and other like particulars. He also stated that the letter addressed to me had been properly delivered as directed, and that the prisoner at the bar had called for the other, giving his name as the Rev. Obed Gathercole, and had received it.

"You are perfectly certain," asked Sir Charles, "that the prisoner was the person who received the letter, and called himself by this name."

"Perfectly," said the postmaster.

"Can you say how it was that, having so many persons constantly calling for letters, you can recollect the facts in the present instance?"

"I can," replied the postmaster. "In sorting the letters I had observed that there were two letters in Miss Vernon's handwriting, with which I was acquainted, directed to strangers in the town, one of them being a dissenting preacher who had just arrived and was making a great stir in the place; and I was wondering to myself what so grand a lady could have to do with chaps of that sort, when the prisoner comes and gives his name, and asks for his letters. When he put out his hand to take his letter,—for there was only one,—I could not help seeing what a strange sort of a hand it was, with one finger partly cut off, and a big mark on the back besides."

"Was the ring in question upon the hand?" asked Sir Charles.

"I can't swear to that ring," said the man; "but I am sure that he had a ring on."



All the sergeant's cross-examination failed to damage this testimony; and he only succeeded in increasing the astonishment with which the crowded audience had heard Miss Vernon's name introduced, and had recognised her as holding correspondence with a person like the prisoner at the bar.

She was next summoned herself. The brilliancy of her complexion had faded into a marble pallor, through the intensity of her emotion, and the acute pain she must have suffered at being compelled to stand up in a court of justice and make the avowal she was about to commence. She stood the trial, nevertheless, with unflinching courage, and a candour and humility of manner which made every one feel the sincerest sympathy for her in the annoying situation in which she was placed.

"Will you state to the court whatever you know respecting the two letters which have been already produced," said Sir Charles to her.

"The directions of both of them were written by myself, and they were sent in the usual way from Compton Hall to be posted at Arkworth. The letter which was addressed to the Rev. Obed Gathercole was written by Miss Compton, and was given to me by her to be directed. In the hurry of the moment I wrote the addresses on the wrong letters, as I have since learnt. The letter which was received by Mr. Walker was written by myself, and was intended for the person calling himself Gathercole, but who is really the prisoner at the bar."

"How was it that you came to be in communication with the prisoner at all?" asked Sir Charles.

"I first became acquainted with him at a meeting of some religious society in London; and I was induced, by his profession of religion, to accompany him in his visits to certain persons who I supposed were benefited by his conversation."

"What was your object in writing to him the letter now before the court?"

"It was to answer his request that I would see a certain poor person and her husband, whom the prisoner informed me were under serious impressions, and whom I hoped to be of service to."

"Did you see the persons you speak of?"

"Yes. That is, I saw two persons who came with a letter of recommendation from the person calling himself Gathercole."

"When and where did you see them?"

"I saw them late in the evening at Compton Hall, a few hours before the attack by the mob."

"Was any one else present?"

"No one."

"Did you see the persons leave the house and premises?"

"I did not. I left them in the room in which I received them, believing that they would leave the moment I had gone."

"Did you converse with both of them?"

"Only with the woman."

"Did you observe the man closely?"

"No."

"Do you think it was the prisoner at the bar?"

"I cannot say. He is the same height and size; but the room was not very light, and he hung down his head the whole time of the interview."

"Can you say whether these clothes (producing a suit of labouring-men's garments) were those worn by the man in question?"

"They are very like them; but, of course, I cannot swear to them."

"Have you ever seen the ring which has been produced in possession of the prisoner?"

"Yes, on one occasion."

"When was that?"

"It was the day before Mr. Compton, my uncle, received the threatening letter in London. I had been with the prisoner to the lodgings of Mademoiselle Fanchette; and in coming away he stopped at the first post-office we came to, and requested me to allow him to go into the shop, which was a stationer's, to seal a letter which he wished to put into the letter-box. I assented, and he sealed a letter; and knowing my dislike of any thing Catholic, he showed me the ring he used, which he said was an old heir-loom in his family, and had been brought over from France by one of his ancestors at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, who had been converted to Protestantism, and kept the ring as a specimen of Popish superstition."

"Will you swear that the ring before the court is the ring you then saw?"

"I will swear it."

"Was the street specified in the post-mark on the letter I now hand to you, the street in which this occurrence took place, and where the letter was posted?"

She examined the letter now produced, and assented.

"Is the seal of the letter much broken? Be so good as to inform the jury," continued Sir Charles.

"Not at all."

"Does it fit the stone of the ring?"

"Exactly. The cracks in the stone of the ring have precisely corresponding marks in the sealing-wax."

The letter, which was addressed to the Rev. W. Compton, and proved to be the incendiary letter described in my fourth chapter, was here handed, with the ring, to the jury. Mr. Compton, on receiving it, had imagined that it had been sent him direct from the country; but, in fact, it had been written and posted in London. The agreement between the cracks on the stone in the ring, and the impression left on the sealing-wax, was such, that it was morally certain that this very ring had been used to seal the letter. Miss Vernon's examination, however, was not concluded. Sir Charles went upon the plan of himself eliciting from the witnesses every point which might, at first sight, have seemed to tell against their evidence, well knowing how much more serious such points would become if first brought out by the prisoner's counsel.

"How was it," he continued, "that you did not mention your knowledge of these circumstances at the time the ring was found?"

"I was called suddenly from home a few hours after the attack on Compton Hall, and before the discovery of the ring. And as soon as I did return, which was not for some time afterwards, I communicated every thing that I knew about it to Miss Compton."

"Had you any previous suspicions of the real character of the person whom you had known as the Rev. Obed Gathercole?"

"None, until the day before the burglary at Compton Parva."

"What was it that caused your suspicions on that day?"

In answer to this question, Miss Vernon described the visit of the sham converted Jew; and related that a certain religious tract which she herself had given to the *soi-disant* Gathercole, and which had her own initials on it, had fallen from the impostor's pocket, and been picked up by her. She also said that she was struck at the time by his voice, which she fancied she had heard before, notwithstanding the assumption of a foreign accent made use of for the occasion.

"Can you swear," asked Sir Charles in conclusion, "that the prisoner at the bar is the person who represented himself to you as the Rev. Obed Gathercole?"

"I can," replied Miss Vernon; "and if I had any doubt, it would be solved by the appearance of his right hand, which I have particularly observed on former occasions."

Mr. Compton was now examined, and gave evidence as to the reception of the threatening letter, the burglary, and the loss of his bank-notes and microscope. The microscope itself was produced, having been hunted out among the London



pawnbrokers' shops by the Bow-Street officers. It was so unusual a thing to be offered for pawn, that no great difficulty had been experienced in discovering it. It had been pledged by the prisoner in his own name to a respectable pawnbroker, who had advanced a considerable sum upon the security, and who was himself examined among the rest of the witnesses, whom I need not specify in detail. I must, however, except Roger Walton's mother, who gave evidence to show that the prisoner in all probability knew of the particular place in the library at the Hall where the stolen packet was kept. Seymour, it appeared, was in some way distantly connected both with her and with the Comptons; and during the lifetime of old Mr. Compton, when she was living in the house, he had formed one of a party of visitors who had come to see the place, with a letter of introduction from some friend of the family. Mr. Compton, who was extremely proud of his library, had shown them all its contents, and in particular had displayed to them the construction of the lock of the drawer in question, as something quite peculiar, and difficult to pick. And Mrs. Walton distinctly remembered that in the course of the conversation he had alluded to that drawer as containing very valuable papers. Finally, Mademoiselle Fanchette was examined again, to depose to the manner in which the ring had passed from Roger's possession to that of Seymour. She stated that Roger had undoubtedly left it with her previously to the day on which Miss Vernon had seen it in Seymour's possession; and that on that very day, while Miss Vernon and Seymour together had been visiting her at her lodgings, she had observed the latter fingering the ring, as it lay with one or two trifles in her inkstand on her table. This explained to *me* the unaccountable pantomime which had been carried on between Louise and Miss Vernon one afternoon when I had gone to her lodgings in Roger's stead. She had been arranging every thing in such a way as to assist her memory in recalling the exact incidents of the theft. At the time she was baffled; but afterwards memory did its work, and she was perfectly certain that on the occasion in question she had seen the ring in Seymour's hand.

The remainder of the trial was occupied in the usual way. Wimpole and his junior did all they could to shake the evidence, and brought forward a good deal of evidence of their own, which proved nothing at all to the real point. The ordinary speeches were made, the judge summed up, and before the day was over Edward Seymour was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life. When the convict-dress was put upon him, the stolen packet of papers was found in a

pocket of the coat he had hitherto worn. He had not destroyed it, hoping that if by any chance he was acquitted on his trial, he might still make some terms with the Comptons for its restoration.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## ROGER WALTON AT HOME.—CONCLUSION.

Two years after the discoveries related in the preceding chapter, I was sitting one morning in meditation over a review I had undertaken for a literary journal with which I had some little connection, when the following letter reached me from Roger:

“ Benjamin, my boy, I’m the happiest fellow alive. Such a baby was never seen; at least so the women say, for *I* can see nothing by any means attractive in the little imp. However, it—or rather he—is not given to squalling, which is a consolation in a small cottage like this; which, by the way, you have never seen. I assure you it—not the baby, but the cottage—is as picturesque as it is small. Honeysuckles, as the cockney traveller says in the farce, like any thing, and roses like nothing at all. Rooms rather low, but big enough; furniture pretty, though not splendid; view really beautiful; and for cabbages—why, my dear fellow, I’ve just produced a specimen of the Waterloo Cæsarian cow-cabbage big enough for six people to sit down upon!

“ However, to return to Louise, who is now, as always (as I have before told you), a brick; and the baby, who at least is as red as a brick;—the upshot of it all is, that you are to come to the christening, and immediately too. Louise, who does just what she pleases in these sort of things, won’t wait even a week, so it is to be next Thursday. I am writing to our old friend De Villeul, who is mighty fond of Louise—as, indeed, every body is—to come and baptise the youngster; and I’ve no doubt he’ll come with the greatest pleasure. And where do you think he’s to stay? Actually at the Hall. I could not help saying to the ‘squire,’ when she told me to ask him, ‘Is not this rather misprision of Popery on your part?’ ‘Roger,’ said she—she always calls me Roger now—‘don’t be impertinent.’ But she knew I was only in joke. The fact is, she actually likes the charming old Abbé, for they agree in politics; and then he’s of the old school of polished French gentlemen, and that goes straight to the squire’s heart, John Bull as she is. As for the parson, her brother, he and the Abbé got hobnobbing together over the microscope at the time of the trial;

for it turns out that the Abbé himself has a weakness for dead beetles, and such-like rubbish; and ever since the parson has taken mightily to Louise, and never will allow her to be teased about her religion.

“But all this you’ll see when you come down. There’s a snug little room here for you to sleep in. If you had come when I asked you a few months ago, you would have had the room that now is to be the nursery! O Jupiter, king of gods and men! to think of my having *a nursery*! And you, miserable creature, toiling day and night over your politics and news! Well, as you like it! I don’t say, write by return of post; for of course you’ll come.

“Yours affectionately,

“ROGER WALTON.”

“Poor Roger!” said I to myself. “How like him! Content, no doubt, with a couple of hundred a year, and a furnished cottage rent and taxes free!”

However, I thought I would accept the invitation; not that christening-parties are exactly in my line, but I had a fancy for seeing what sort of a state of life it was that seemed to satisfy all the aspirations of a clever warm-hearted fellow like Roger. Such a life, I knew well, would never suit me, even setting aside the fact that it would put an end to all chance of rising in the world. But it does suit some people. They like to be domestic, religious, and all that sort of thing; and their desires being thus humble, no doubt they are satisfied.

I found Roger situated just as he had described himself. He had taken heart and hand to agriculture, and rented a small farm from Miss Compton; while to his bucolic labours he added the almost nominal duties of librarian to Compton Hall. Miss Compton considered that Roger had been so ill-used by fortune in the matter of the packet and the ring, and that his troubles arose so entirely from his having been in her service, that she invented a new office in her establishment for his sake, attaching to it the very pretty salary of a hundred a year. He lived on his farm,—the farm-house having been beautified for his special use by Miss Compton, with the co-operation in all matters of taste of Miss Vernon. The latter lady had been so extremely taken with Louise, and her conscience so sorely smote her for the annoyance she had formerly caused her in conjunction with Seymour, that she seemed never weary of showering her favours on her. Indeed, Clementina had a noble and generous heart; and the devotedness with which she had flung herself into all the extravagances of



religious fanaticism sprung from the fact that she must have some object to love heartily, and on which to expend her thoughts and energies. She was now perfectly cured of her sectarian mania, and enjoyed not a little playing the part of a protecting goddess over the small household of Roger and Louise, where, in many matters, she undoubtedly ruled supreme.

Indoors, in truth, Roger was actually nobody, so far as household affairs were involved, save only that he was autocratic among his books, and forced an amount of home-fed bacon into the domestic consumption; against which Louise vainly remonstrated, and on which Miss Vernon sometimes seriously lectured him.

In two things only was Louise herself perfectly mistress; religion and dress. On the former subject Miss Vernon usually kept a rigid silence; though an occasionally brief conversation showed that she respected Louise and her creed quite as much as she had formerly scorned them. In dress, Louise's word ruled despotic, even as to the habiliments of the magnificent Clementina herself. Roger himself would as soon have thought of turning Mahometan as of interfering with his wife in matters of religion. In such subjects he looked upon her as a sort of inspired sibyl; mysterious and incomprehensible to ordinary mortals, but wonderfully learned if only she could be understood. To my infinite surprise, I discovered that she had made Roger adopt the custom of family prayer; and that she always read the prayers herself! I never witnessed the ceremony, as it was laid aside until Louise should be recovered; but I certainly should have been present at it, if I could, at least once, from mere curiosity; though those sort of things are not much in my way.

The baptism was administered by the old Abbé, who was quite blooming on the occasion. There was no chapel near enough, so the ceremony took place in the little drawing-room. Miss Compton and her niece came as lookers-on, and vented an astonishing quantity of pity on the poor infant for having to undergo the various ceremonies that were used, and the meaning of which puzzled me considerably. The parson himself had once talked of being present also; but a feeling of professional dignity kept him away; I believe, mightily to his personal regret. In the evening I dined at the Hall, where he was himself staying, to assist in entertaining M. de Villeul. After dinner the ladies could not refrain from attacking the Abbé about the aforesaid baptismal ceremonies.

"Really, Monsieur l'Abbé," said Miss Compton, "your Church is positively cruel to these poor little infants. Why

cannot you content yourselves without actually thrusting salt into the unhappy little creatures' mouths?"

"Eh? what? what?" cried her brother; "I never heard of this before. Pray tell me all about it, M. de Villeul. I am greatly interested in all matters of antiquarian ecclesiastical interest. In an antiquarian light, you know; not in the least controversially, or as finding fault either with your communion, or with our own pure and Apostolic Reformed Branch. Of course I prefer the beautiful simplicity of our ritual; but I am fond of hearing of the practices of other churches."

The old Abbé smiled good-humouredly, and explained the ceremonies and their meaning at full length.

"Well," said Miss Compton, "with all the interpretations, my dear M. l'Abbé, you must allow me to say that I think them rather cruel."

"Pooh, pooh! my dear Mary," interposed her brother: "what harm does it do the child? The ceremonies are venerable and symbolical; though, as I said before, I *prefer* the beautiful simplicity which is the characteristic of our own pure and Apostolic Reformed Branch."

"You are a barbarous old bachelor, uncle," exclaimed Clementina, laughing; "and you know nothing about the matter."

After this the conversation fell upon the sufferings of the French *émigrés*; and De Villeul gave a history of what many of them had endured, both clergy and laity, so touching and so simply told, that every one's attention was riveted; and I saw the tears running down Miss Vernon's cheeks.

"What wretched beings," said Miss Compton, relieving herself with a sigh when all was told, "must those revolutionists have been, to drive from their country such models of loyalty and chivalrous honour!"

"I honour them for their fidelity to their Church," observed her brother.

"They were Christian martyrs, indeed," said Miss Vernon.

The next day the Abbé took his leave while I happened to be calling to pay my respects. Miss Compton presented him with an envelope, expressing a hope that he would allow her and her brother to make him a small offering, to be employed in any way he thought best for the benefit of his suffering countrymen who were still alive; and with many expressions of good-will on both sides, the Abbé took his leave. We learnt afterwards that the envelope contained a bank-note for two hundred pounds.

Roger would have kept me for a long visit at his cottage,

if I could have stayed; and he tried hard to make me share his enjoyments, by sympathising with him more cordially than it was in my nature to do. But it was the kind of life that would not suit me; and when, one lovely morning before breakfast, I sauntered into the garden, and found my host reading Thomas à Kempis, and watching his gardener digging potatoes, I could stand it no longer. I felt that out of London I could not live; and the very notion of settling down amidst wife, babies, cabbages, and classics, gave me a cold shudder. And so I returned without delay to my own pursuits, delighted with a consciousness of power, looking back with gratification to the success I had already achieved, and confidently expecting to win the best rewards my profession could bestow.

Still,—for the truth may as well be told,—there are times when I could almost envy poor Roger; and still more his wife. I have succeeded beyond expectation; but I feel that I am alone in life, and there is a sort of emptiness of heart which I at times experience which is exquisitely painful. Alas, that one cannot always remain young! What should I do if my strength and spirits really failed me?

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### Reviews.

#### POMBAL, AND THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS FROM PORTUGAL.

*Memoirs of the Marquis of Pombal, with Extracts from his Writings, and from Despatches in the State-Paper Office, never before published.* By John Smith, Esq., Private Secretary to the Marshal Marquis de Saldanha. London: Longmans.

THE Jewish Rabbins have a tradition, that when a miserly and opulent Hebrew departs this life, there are certain angels who carry down his soul to the gates of hell, and sing, as they thrust him through those fiery portals, *Ecce homo qui non posuit Deum adiutorem suum, sed speravit in multitudine divitiarum suarum, et prævaluit in vanitate suâ*. The great Portuguese marquis had a touch of Israelitish extraction about him, as is well known: and whatever may have proved his eternal destiny, his whole conduct and idiosyncrasy, with regard to the affairs of heaven and earth, may at least remind a thoughtful Catholic of that tremendous versicle, to which an



allusion is thus ventured; describing as it does the wretchedness of mere material prosperity achieved at the cost of spiritual and religious disaster. With the memory of this celebrated minister are connected some remarkable reminiscences of the eighteenth century, pregnant with serious matter for our politicians and statesmen of the present day to take into their consideration. In the eyes of Protestantism and infidelity, the twenty-seven years during which Pombal governed Portugal form an oasis of liberalism and enlightenment. That the most important consequences resulted from his administration cannot be for a moment doubted.

Magnificent was once the glory attached to that strip of territory, on the western part of the Spanish peninsula, extending for about 350 miles from Galicia to Cape St. Vincent. It has been justly called the Phœnicia of the Atlantic, associated with the modern triumphs of commerce, geographical discovery, and religion. Its six small provinces, containing only two cities possessing a population above twenty thousand, have witnessed achievements performed by a race of illustrious men not unworthy to be compared with the heroes of Greece and Rome. After the great victory of Ourique, the Burgundian coronet was transformed into a regal crown, of which the most heroic wearer was Emanuel the First, from whom the line of Braganza derives its regular descent. Lisbon became a cradle for maritime science and enterprise, whilst our own wars of York and Lancaster were depopulating and impoverishing England and Wales. Madeira, the Azores, the Cape Verde Islands, the coast of Africa, down to Sierra Leone, were explored and colonised with an energy which led to the still more important voyages of Bartolomeo Diaz and Vasco da Gama. Not only was a road opened to India, which transferred Oriental commerce from Venice to the banks of the Tagus, but the Portuguese dominions in Asia soon reached from Ormuz to Malacca. Friendly relations were established with Persia; a settlement was obtained in China; and a free-trade sanctioned in Japan. In A.D. 1520, Magelhaens discovered the straits which still bear his name; and although slain himself in a fray with the natives before his views were developed, large portions from that era of the vast continent of South America became subject to Portugal, and her national prosperity tended to its climax.

Then ensued a period of corruption, consequent on the possession of enormous wealth, followed up by feebleness, declension, and decay. Other countries entered with ardour into competition with a state which, from its original smallness and palpable present opulence, excited at once their

envy and admiration. Her colonial empire in the Brazils is also supposed to have exhausted the mother country; since, instead of having such treasures as those of Peru and Mexico already accumulated for the hands of the spoiler, Portugal had to transplant her own native capital and population across the ocean before any basis could be formed upon which her energies might successfully work the mines of gold and silver, or gather into her lap the topazes and diamonds of the new transatlantic Eldorado. Under John the Third, although the Lusitanian galleons were still like floating cathedrals, when they ploughed the seas, and witnessed the celebration of High Mass amidst the sultry calms of the tropics with a pomp and splendour rarely to be equalled out of Italy or Spain, the premonitory symptoms of an approaching change were visible. The laurels of such heroes as Albuquerque withered almost as soon as they had been acknowledged. Don Sebastian, through his fatal and romantic expedition into Africa, not merely disappeared himself under clouds of mystery and superstition, but left behind him no less than seven competitors for his crown, with Philip the Second at the head of them. His kingdom became an appendage to that of Spain in A.D. 1580, after an expense of human life such as harrows into positive horror all the humanities of history. So numerous were the corpses thrown into the sea, that the people refused to eat fish until its water had been solemnly purified by religious rites. From the towers of St. Julien alone, at the mouth of the Tagus, two thousand ecclesiastics had been precipitated into the waves for their patriotic resistance to the usurper. Of course the Jesuits came to be accused as the instigators of so sanguinary a proscription, with the view, as the admirers of Pombal stated, of increasing their wealth and consolidating their power. The Society of St. Ignatius might well revel in the last of the Beatitudes; for whilst its members arrested the plague of Lutheranism in Europe, or shed the lustre of the Cross upon the shores of Yedsoe and China, or changed Paraguay into a paradise, revilement and calumny met them at every point, to remind them that *Sic persecuti sunt prophetas, qui fuerunt ante ipsos*.

Philip, however, in seizing upon his prize, played the part of a boy when he catches a butterfly. Beneath the rude grasp of a tyrannical government, administered by foreign officials, the importance and position of Portugal perished. Her influence vanished in Asia; her navy disappeared from the seas; her commerce diminished; all native prosperity dwindled; and the haughty Castilians appropriated what remained for Spanish purposes. The Dutch, being now excluded from Lisbon, be-



gan to trade largely with India upon their own account. Their factories in the Orient soon bristled with fortifications. The famous Sea-Beggars, as their men-of-war were called, beat the Spanish, and captured those rich argosies and galleons which were bearing home to Cadiz or Barcelona the products of Hindostan, or the treasures of Vera Cruz and Acapulco. A golden harvest passed away from the mouths of the Tagus to the sandbanks of Holland. The merchants of Amsterdam supplanted their Portuguese competitors in Ceylon, Malacca, and, for a time, even in the Brazils. A colonial empire must always rest more or less upon opinion; and for sixty years the sister kingdoms of the Peninsula withered and waned together. Their population is proved to have fallen off one-half from its numbers as they flourished during the age of Ferdinand, Isabella, and Emanuel; nor was it until A.D. 1640, when the stupid court of Madrid had grown drunk with pride, and from Catalonia to Biscay every province was stung into insurrection, that a comparatively bloodless revolution restored Lusitanian independence, and placed the Duke of Braganza upon the throne of his ancestors. Ecclesiastical influences at least assuaged the passions of civil war, favoured the promotion and development of something like free-trade, and covered the country with no less than eight hundred religious establishments. Many intervals of protracted peace allowed agriculture to flourish, and a love of perhaps luxurious leisure to become habitual to the higher and middle classes. Unhappily, however, those principles of Erastianism, which have been the bane of Christendom for centuries, found their way from France and Spain into Portugal. Jealousy of the Holy See overshadowed that realm which had once rejoiced in producing or venerating some of the greatest saints of the calendar. Its tone of religion began to manifest tendencies more national and local than profoundly and absolutely Catholic. King John V. sanctioned the project of his clergy for founding the Patriarchate of Lisbon,—a measure which, whilst it cost the treasury no less than 80,000*l.* sterling per annum, and secured for the sovereign a new title (that of the “Most Faithful”), at the same time familiarised the public mind with the notion of the needlessness of too intimate and respectful a submission to the sacred centre of unity. In fact, the Portuguese almost fancied their grand metropolitan, with his college of twenty-four prelates and one hundred subsidiary dignitaries, on an equal footing with the Roman Court itself. The vestures of the Patriarch, on days of solemnity, were similar to those of the Pope; the higher suffragans, moreover, assuming the scarlet and costume of the cardinalate. Pretensions begat pretensions; such



as the colossal edifices at Mafra, or the lavish expenditure of a quarter of a million sterling, in the church of St. Roque, on one little chapel only twelve feet by seventeen in dimensions. The object of these or similar extravagances was to rival or surpass the ecclesiastical marvels of Italy; but they served merely to mislead the people with false notions. External splendour formed a poor substitute for practical piety. Religious indifference quickened its stealthy advances; and a path was paved with decent though delusive appearances for the administration of the Marquis of Pombal.

This remarkable man came into the world on the 13th of May 1699, at Soure, a small village not far from the town whence subsequently he took his title. His father seems to have been a worthy rural fidalgo, or country gentleman, with a distinguished consort and a moderate fortune. The names of the future statesman, recorded in the register of his university when he went to matriculate at Coimbra, were Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho e Mello,—to include the maternal as well as the paternal patronymics. The eldest of three children, all of them sons, he entered the army as a private; rose to the rank of corporal; and finding his duties in the field rather nominal than real, confined himself exclusively to the study of history, politics, and legislation. Through literary pursuits he attracted the notice, and soon got into the good graces, of Cardinal Motta, who, as prime minister, appointed him a member of the Royal Academy in 1733. He then married; and four years afterwards came to London as Portuguese ambassador. French being the language spoken at the court of George the Second, he never learnt English, much to his regret, as he often subsequently avowed; but deriving his financial knowledge from the plans and papers of Sully, Richelieu, and Colbert, he requested to be recalled in 1745, partly on the grounds of ill-health, and partly from the troubles which he thought likely to arise out of the schemes of the Pretender Charles Edward. Repose did not long await him at home, for his diplomatic talents were again solicited in a most delicate and difficult negotiation. Maria Theresa had suppressed the Patriarchate of Aquileia, somewhat in the prevalent spirit of an age by no means generally congenial with her own personal predilections. Benedict XIV. complained, as he might well have been expected to do, upon the occasion; but both the Pontiff and the empress agreed to submit the secular point at issue to the arbitration of the Queen Regent of Portugal, who nominated Pombal as her minister and representative. At Vienna his arrangements soothed the contention; for mutual concessions were the order of the day, when philosophy,

literature, and governments scoffed at the supposed importance of either doctrine or discipline. It was about the same period that he lost his wife; and, in due time, married again into the family of Count Daun, under the imperial auspices of Maria Theresa herself, which afforded him fresh avenues to promotion in his own country. The Portuguese regent happened to be of Austrian origin: her husband had been long in a state of imbecility, arising from hereditary disease, aggravated by unbounded profligacy. Pombal, during the five years of his residence at Vienna, 1745-50, perfected his political novitiate; and was finally summoned home to take charge of the portfolio of foreign affairs. Soon after his arrival, the weak monarch expired, and was succeeded by his son, Don Joseph, the duration of whose reign, and whose constancy to the new minister, established the latter as the real governor of the kingdom for more than a quarter of a century.

In person, Pombal was tall, well-made, and generally handsome; with full yet intelligent features, engaging manners, a mellifluous voice, and the most flowing persuasive style of conversation. His patents of nobility later on in life conferred on him the rank, first of Count d'Oeyras, and ultimately that of his well-known marquisate. The state of Portugal, on his accession to power, appeared miserable in the extreme. A court revelling in licentiousness had lowered, by its vile example, the universal morals of its subjects. They had become indolent, luxurious, and reckless; without refinement, energy, or patriotism. The public finances presented an inextricable labyrinth of confusion. The army and navy had little existence but upon paper; although nominally every gentleman, with few exceptions, had to enter the former at a certain age, and serve in the ranks, as Pombal himself had already done. The government was an absolutism devoured by leprosy; and surrounded with the skeletons of what had been once forces and defences,—vain muster-rolls of imaginary soldiers, dismantled fortresses, abandoned castles, rotten ships, rusty cannon, and ordnance consisting of nothing but officials, ruined harbours, neglected magazines, and empty arsenals. The highest classes disgraced themselves by savage and sanguinary excesses, while the middle and lower ones brooded over the depression of industry and the torpor of enterprise. Lisbon, after nightfall, became a Sodom of iniquity, something like a hell upon earth,—a city of palaces beset with brawls, riots, violence, wantonness, and assassinations. It is well known that the convent of Odivellas was to John the Fifth what the *Parc-aux-cerfs* was to Louis the Fifteenth; and yet such potentates, with their ministers, successors, and agents, were to



beard and insult the Church of Almighty God, because she roused their consciences, interfered with their guilty pleasures, rebuked their irreligious policy, and dared to predict its consequences. Now Pombal was the very man to act successfully on such an arena the part of a popular Mephistopheles. In the names of morality and catholicity, of order and propriety, of royal dignity and national independence, his object was to re-establish material prosperity upon the ruins of right principles. In the secret chambers of his soul he evidently coincided with the genius and spirit of infidelity. He thought its philosophers the real sages and reformers who were to regenerate society; he conceived religion to be a cunning system of priestcraft, from the point where its resistance began against mere secular policy; but if it would only pause in its various operations and processes *short of that*, he had no objection to patronise it, and mould it to his own purposes, and convince the world how far wiser statesmen are than churchmen, how important it is that the crozier should subserve the sceptre, and how truly this transitory scene is the genuine substance, of which the future is an interesting phantom, to be speculated upon by the enthusiastic and the learned. Hence he anticipated a hundred years ago the dreamy delusions of the present day,—education for all classes upon a basis of religious, or rather irreligious, liberalism; a total subjugation of the spiritual to the temporal power; the substitution of reason for revelation; in other words, the exaltation of man, and the dethronement of his Maker. There can be no objection to admit that a veil was rather gracefully worn over many of these horrors; that much of their subtle atheism might be concealed even from himself; and that so ambiguous often were his language and measures, that he could preserve appearances, or kiss hands to heaven and earth, to the successor of St. Peter and the forerunner of Antichrist, at the same time. But the great fact remains, that he helped to move forward and work out the grand designs of Satan; and that during the seven-and-twenty years of his administration, which restored for an interval the secular wealth and prosperity of Portugal, he waged war with those spiritual fountains of living water, which can alone make the wilderness rejoice and flourish with the lily of salvation.

The consolidation of his influence met with assistance from various circumstances. Cardinal Motta was still alive, and nominally holding the helm of government; but with such a trembling hand, that he was too happy to be relieved from trouble, whilst his ecclesiastical rank and position covered the advances of his colleague towards that settled supremacy over



the king and kingdom which he soon acquired. The first five years sufficed for preliminary measures, laying trains for financial reforms, the regulation of the Holy Inquisition, so as to bring its jurisdiction within useful limits, and for protecting the seaboard from at least external aggression. It will scarcely be credited, that almost immediately after the assumption of office by Pombal, some Algerine corsairs actually anchored off Cape Spichel, a few miles from Lisbon,—the forts being unable to offer any effectual resistance, and much less avenge the insult. Our present Lords of the Admiralty would smile at the amount of money appropriated, amidst some clamours, for mending matters,—twenty-seven contos of reis, or about 7000*l.* sterling. He corrected also the abuses which had crept into the diamond-contract with the Brazilian merchants, improved the whale-fisheries, established a national manufactory of gunpowder, set on foot an enormous sugar-refinery, promoted silk-mills as well as the cultivation of mulberries for the native worms, suppressed brigandage, extended the revenues of the state, defined and simplified certain laws relating to successions, introduced an invaluable police, forced economy upon even the civil-list, and ameliorated the restrictions which had hitherto pressed so heavily upon trade, commerce, and industry. He was resolved, moreover, to disenfranchise his country from what he felt to be the too domineering pretensions of Great Britain; when an unparalleled natural catastrophe threw upon his shoulders a weight of responsibility and authority which scarcely any one besides himself, at that particular crisis, in Portugal, could have so efficiently sustained.

It was on the festival of All Saints, in the year 1755, and the various classes in Lisbon were flocking joyously to the churches, amidst the brilliancy of an autumnal morning, in that balmy of southern climes. Never had a November sun risen with greater promise. Nature seemed at rest in the calm beauty of the serene and deep-blue sky, which, like a firmament of azure, overhung the proud palaces of the capital glassed in the clear broad bosom of the Tagus. Peace, pleasure, and security might have appeared to fix their residence on its banks, and to gambol upon its waters. Various altars were gorgeously illuminated before myriads of prostrate worshippers; when, about four minutes after the clocks had struck nine, one of the tallest steeples of the city was seen to quiver like a reed in the wind. The ground heaved, and rolled, and groaned: down came the temples of the living God, the mansions of the wealthy, the houses of the traders and artisans, the theatres and public edifices,—whole streets at a time crumbling

into heaps of ruin. Thousands were crushed to death in the first convulsive shocks of this most terrible earthquake; thousands disappeared in yawning chasms, which closed over their heads for ever; multitudes fled to the quays and piers for safety, just as the river, suddenly swollen and agitated into more than oceanic power and fury, absorbed the horrified crowds, with all the vessels at their moorings, amidst the vortices of an unfathomable whirlpool; whilst, as an awful contrast, enormous fires broke forth in various places at one and the same moment, raging with incredible fierceness, and threatening to consume what the other elements had spared. Husbands now hurried to and fro in frenzied search after their wives; mothers shrieked for their children: every tie dear to the heart snapped asunder in misery; every affection, which enables man to submit to the trials of life, loosened into madness, or found itself buried in one wide grave. It was felt, as if the fiends of darkness had come out of their caverns to rage up and down the devoted metropolis; for, in the confusion and uproar, the prisons gave up their flagitious inmates, exulting in the misfortune which had emancipated them from their chains, and abandoning themselves to the gratification of their foulest appetites, as well as to the perpetration of the most atrocious crimes. Infuriated with wine, and greedy after gold, they roamed about for an interval undisputed masters of the chaos, revelling in violence, murder, rapine, and sacrilege. The royal family happened to be at Belem, when, as Pombal reached them in the depths of their consternation, "What is to be done," exclaimed Don Joseph, "to meet this infliction of Divine justice?" His calm and characteristic answer was: "Bury the dead, sire, and feed the living;" and it was from this instant that the king looked upon his minister as a mortal of superior mould. Pombal, having received full verbal powers, threw himself into his carriage,—in which he literally lived for eight days,—and hurried back to Lisbon. Wherever his presence was required, there was he found, with a demeanour as collected as if the entire affair had been merely a public spectacle. Probably these hours of almost superhuman energy were the greatest of his whole career.

Two hundred decrees, written upon his knees with a pencil, and issued from his chariot, as it solemnly moved about from one quarter of the ruins to another throughout the Octave of All Saints, had reference to the maintenance of order; the interment of corpses; the lodgment of the survivors in temporary habitations; the distribution of provisions; the formation of extemporary hospitals; the prohibitions against persons leaving the city without being able to



account for their object in doing so, or the property they were carrying off with them; the restoration of general confidence; and the repression of outrage. Idlers and vagabonds were set to work for the clearance of those mountains of rubbish which choked up the streets and lanes in every conceivable direction. Martial law was proclaimed, and summary justice executed, after the third or fourth day, upon numerous robbers taken *in flagrante delicto*; so that their gibbets overawed evil-doers, and served as signals for the soldiers in patrolling the different districts. Much treasure was in this way recovered, and many lives were preserved. A cross, valued at 30,000*l.* sterling, was dug out from what remained of the palace of the Patriarchate, besides 48,000 lbs. weight of silver-plate from other dilapidated residences of noble or opulent proprietors; but the entire damage inflicted by the earthquake seems to have amounted to far more than seven millions of our money. Pombal had thus the largest scope afforded him for the development of his peculiar abilities. That part of the city suffered most which lay in the valley, on a portion of which the Rocio Square now stands; but under his superintendence it was entirely rebuilt with great strength and regularity. The catastrophe only seemed to afford him an opportunity for acquiring fame somewhat analogous to that which the great fire of London opened to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren. The capital of Portugal in former times is said not to have possessed a single regular street for above the length of one hundred yards: but now eminences were levelled, handsome squares were constructed, a public garden was laid out, sewers were arranged, regular pavements were introduced; and he had designed a magnificent promenade from Santa Apollonia to Belem, which would have rendered Lisbon one of the most attractive and beautiful cities in Europe. Meanwhile, however, there had to elapse a long season of general distress and suffering. Slight shocks occurred again and again. The Algerine corsairs hovered about the coast, and landed wherever and whenever a possibility of plunder presented itself. Fresh panics, arising from comparatively trifling causes, and often from no apparent causes at all, shattered every basis of credit. It is really difficult to imagine what might have been the result of such manifold misfortunes, had not a single pervading genius, like that of the Portuguese premier, collected the elements of hope and confidence in his own person. He never flinched from exertion, or quailed in courage for an instant; but perhaps the satisfaction with which he secretly contemplated a long lease of power, as likely to arise from his services in mitigating the national calamity, blinded him to the folly



and wickedness of persecuting the Jesuits. Their boldness in rebuking the profligacy of their countrymen was no doubt unpopular; but their success in reforming public morals, had they only been allowed to continue unmolested, would have been a boon outbalancing ten thousandfold in importance the achievements of a transitory economy, or the fallacious anticipations of semi-Catholic calculators and statesmen.

These good fathers had been established in Portugal during the reign of John III., 1540, by the holy Simon Rodriguez, a friend of St. Francis Xavier. The sanctity of the former was rewarded by his obtaining the management of the University of Coimbra; and though, at first, the Papal bull limited the numbers of the society to sixty for the Lusitanian province, leave was subsequently obtained for an indefinite enlargement, which led to some of the most brilliant results in the way of modern missionary enterprise. The annals of India, China, Japan, and Paraguay enshrined the names of an army of confessors of whom the world was not worthy, and whose labours of love, with their victories over the prince of darkness, only excited either a sneer or a smile among the philosophers and potentates of Europe. About the middle of the eighteenth century, the howl of infidelity against the Jesuits had attained, perhaps, its highest pitch. As the janizaries of the Church, their earlier fathers had rushed to the rescue of her standard when Lutheranism threatened to contradict the evangelical prophecy, that the gates of hell were never to prevail against her. Their efforts, under God, had won a thousand triumphs, and rolled back upon the heads of the assailants the consequences of human malice, with its varied and inveterate devices. Wealth, fame, and influence, in almost every court of Europe, awaited the children of St. Ignatius, and, it may be, somewhat relaxed their zeal; so that even not a few among the saints and prelates of later ages exclaimed, *Quomodo obscuratum est aurum et mutatus est color optimus!* Yet they still manned and maintained, as a body, the bulwarks and battlements and garrisons of the Christian citadel; each form and follower of heresy, from the systems of Chillingworth and Cudworth to those of Voltaire and Diderot, being instinctively aware that their suppression must precede any real millennium of latitudinarianism. The struggles of Jansenism in France accelerated the crisis; but Portugal, with her now popular minister, enjoyed the infamy of openly attacking the Society with fatal measures, carried out upon an extended scale. On the banks of the Uruguay, in South America, it had founded a religious republic, consisting of thirty-one towns, with a population of many myriads won from paganism, be-

sides being also connected with an extensive and lucrative commerce both in the West and East Indies. The courts at Madrid and Lisbon had agreed upon an exchange of territories involving the seven missions of Paraguay; but utterly overlooking their spiritual interests, which were to be sacrificed to secular circumstances, under the auspices of Valdelirios, a Spanish general, and Andrade, the rapacious governor of Rio Janeiro. Some successful resistance was made, to a certain extent, by the Christian Indians against their oppressors; so that Pombal had to send one of his brothers, in A.D. 1754, to co-operate in putting an end to the dominion of the Jesuits, and terminating disgraceful transactions not a little costly and troublesome to his government.

The task thus undertaken by the Portuguese premier was a difficult one; for members of the order were confessors to the sovereign and royal family, and possessed immense influence with all classes. Moreover, they had not merely opposed the colonial policy of the minister, but they had also dared to interfere with a darling measure, which had been dear to him as the apple of his eye; and that was, the monopoly which he had constituted under the denomination of the Oporto Wine Company. The annual products of his own estates were more or less affected by exclusive privileges, attached to particular districts, of purchasing all the wines grown in them at fixed and favourable prices for a particular period after the vintage. Insurrections ensued amongst the peasantry and tavern-keepers aggrieved by these fiscal innovations; whilst the point which chiefly concerned and interested the priests of the Jesuit College at Oporto was, whether the wines of this new company were suitable or not for the celebration of Mass. It was perfectly proper that they should express an opinion in such matters, wherever they saw, or even conceived they saw, a reason for doing so: yet never had the acrimony of their enemies seemed more excited; and the entire blame was laid upon them of stirring up the tumults which occurred in February, A.D. 1757, on the Douro, and in which the residences of the chancellor and other officials were attacked by the populace. Don Joseph, also, was as great a voluptuary as his father; and he had already been personally offended by the just denunciations of Moreira, his director, against the floods of impurity which deluged the kingdom from the palace to the cottage, whereby, as many a zealous preacher declared, another earthquake, if it happened, was only too well deserved. His majesty felt, therefore, not a little piqued by such imagined meddlings with his royal monopolies in the provinces, and the morals of his court and capital. Pombal well knew how to



enlist the pride of a Sardanapalus for the accomplishment of his own sinister designs. An order was obtained banishing the obnoxious confessor, with all his *confrères*, from Lisbon, so that no Jesuit should be seen there unless by express permission received from the crown. This was in September; and in October, as well as in February 1758, formal accusations were laid before his Holiness at Rome, impeaching the entire order "of having sacrificed all Christian, religious, and natural obligations to a blind and insolent usurpation of absolute power; of having frustrated the boundary treaty between Spain and Portugal in South America; of having interfered most disastrously in the Maranhao, Pará, and Oporto companies; and of publicly teaching from the pulpit, that whoever joined in the last of these commercial associations would have no part in the company of our Lord Jesus Christ." It became necessary that Benedict XIV. should act in some way or other, harassed as he was by the menaces of the Bourbon sovereigns from Paris, Madrid, and Parma, and now by the house of Braganza in Portugal. Accordingly, by a Papal mandate, bearing date the 1st April 1758, he appointed Cardinal Saldanha visitor and reformer of the Society of Jesus in all parts of the world subject to the sceptre of his most faithful majesty. But it was a sop thrown quite in vain to the relentless Cerberus. Saldanha became Patriarch in the June following.

Then ensued the celebrated conspiracy of the Duke of Aveiro and the Marquis of Tavora. These noblemen, actuated principally by their own private motives, drew a number of persons, not less disaffected than themselves to the existing government, towards a common centre of political intrigue and treason. It was felt throughout a large section of the realm that its sovereign, in supporting Pombal, had compromised the best interests of the Church of Almighty God. On the night of the 3d of September 1758, Don Joseph, with a single attendant, was returning home from a wicked amour, when his carriage was fired upon, about eleven o'clock, by two assassins, each discharging a heavy blunderbuss. The vehicle was struck, but neither of its occupants, by this volley. The postilion hurried forwards, and lashed his animals, as a couple of fresh horsemen appeared on the road. These latter aimed their weapons with more fatal effect, his majesty being severely wounded by slugs in several places. Roaring to the driver with fright and agony, Don Joseph ordered the man to make the best of his way to the residence of a royal surgeon; which saved him from some other ambuscades, and probably preserved his life. Such was the state of public opinion, that for nearly three months the minister dared not take any steps to



avenge the outrage. The queen was appointed regent until her consort should be better; for it was given out that, in passing through a gallery to her bed-room, he had fallen down in the dark, and received many bruises rather dangerous to a corpulent patient; that the operation of phlebotomy had been performed sundry times, and that the greatest quiet was necessary. At length, towards the close of the year, all the guilty parties were arrested; four convents belonging to the Jesuits were surrounded, and eight of the fathers taken into custody upon bare suspicion. The duke and marquis, after a brief and private trial, were broken alive on the wheel, and their bodies burnt to ashes. Six accomplices underwent similar punishments, with the merciful exception of previous strangulation. Antonio Alvares Ferreira suffered at the stake, and the Marchioness of Tavora was beheaded. The name of her very family was to be abolished; and the patrimonial stream from whence the title of the house had been taken came under the absurd sentence that thenceforward "it should be styled the River of Death." The minister perpetrating these fearful executions received for his reward the dignity of a count, with the rich commandery of St. Miguel, besides having his younger brother Francisco associated with him as joint secretary in the home-department. Two hundred and fifty individuals were more or less involved in the Aveiro conspiracy, and had to endure greater or smaller degrees of governmental vengeance and indignation either in purse or person. Protracted imprisonment seems to have formed the lot of by far the larger number; but Pombal hoped now to realise the grand object of his aspirations.

At the head of the eight Jesuit ecclesiastics accused of being implicated in the plot, was the celebrated enthusiast Gabriel Malagrida, who was said to have affirmed, as a spiritual director, that in the removal of such a sovereign as then reigned in Portugal regicide would be scarcely a venial sin. No adequate proofs were ever adduced of this grave offence against sound doctrine and morals: the unhappy fanatic himself fell subsequently under the condemnation of the Holy Inquisition for foul heresy altogether upon different grounds. His seven companions, and particularly two or three of them, had heavily smarted through the persecuting oppressions of the minister who so intensely hated their society; but nothing ever really occurred to fasten the calumnious insinuations of Pombal upon the followers of St. Ignatius in general. However, the parable of the wolf and the lamb had to be realised somehow or other; and the government, therefore, loudly asserted before the whole European world, that the Aveiro

conspiracy not only had been the special offspring of the obnoxious order, but that its discovery had enabled the friends of humanity to unravel and unveil the entire principles of a system which would be found radically inconsistent and incompatible with both religion and morals. Advantage, in fact, was taken of the temper peculiar to the times; just as in this country the Popish plot of Lord Shaftesbury, at an earlier period, enabled Protestantism to cram down the public throat its *plaustra mendaciorum*, and glut unnumbered gibbets with their innocent victims. Don Joseph, on the 19th of January 1759, at once sequestered all the vast property, real and personal, belonging to the Society of Jesus; and Pombal, not satisfied with the plunder, determined on its total expulsion from the dominions of Portugal. Its colleges were every where suppressed. Pope Clement XIII., on being bullied in the rudest manner for a letter of faculty to sanction the ecclesiastical investigation, replied, with equal firmness and moderation, that he would never perpetrate an act of injustice, but that the royal courts might proceed to try such clergy as had been really implicated in the late conspiracy; whilst his Holiness also trusted that at least mercy, to say nothing of equity, would prevent them from shedding the blood of those who were not guilty, and whose lives had been hitherto devoted to the service of the sanctuary. Instead of feeling soothed by such pontifical and paternal cautions, the incensed monarch and minister insisted upon a grant from Rome of perpetual jurisdiction over the entire clerical body in cases of treason and sedition. The Pontiff promised to accede, provided some prelate, nominated by himself or successors, might preside on such occasions; although subsequently he consented that the crown should appoint the bishop. Meantime Pombal pushed on the prosecution; the best subjects of the kingdom came to be declared outlaws in their native land; some were incarcerated in dungeons upon various political or personal charges; and the remainder, deported in vessels prepared for the purpose to the port of Civita Vecchia, were thus thrown upon the hospitality of Clement, without means or resources of any kind. The next step, of course, was to pick a quarrel with the Pope upon as many collateral pretences as possible. Saldanha, as cardinal patriarch, acting by royal authority alone, had pronounced for the expulsion of the Jesuits on the 5th of October 1759; nor was it long before something like a secular supremacy was attempted with regard to the Portuguese and Brazilian hierarchies. The treasury ventured to draw some revenue from the sales of indulgences, certificates of which might be purchased of the state at a



given price, and which during six months were imagined to be equally valid with the absolution of a Roman year of jubilee. An open rupture soon broke off all amicable intercourse between Clement XIII. and Joseph, for the disastrous consequences of which Pombal had principally to answer.

His ostensible notion was to support the dignity of the crown, by rescuing it from what he called the thralldom of the tiara; his private motives were the possession of power, the subjugation of the royal mind through the combined action of indulged voluptuousness and alternations of fear from invisible enemies, as well as the suppression of the higher ranks of the nobility, hateful at once to his private jealousy, and opposed to his official pretensions. They had murmured at his recently-earned honours. The late Duke of Aveiro had provoked his bitterest animosity, by attempting to secure the marriage of an only son of his now fallen house with the wealthy heiress of Cadoval,—a noble lady whom the minister had long set his mind upon for one of the members of his own family. It is not improbable that a Jesuit confessor had interfered in the matter, through a natural dread of additional weight being thrown into the scale of so potent an enemy to the Society. That enemy wreaked his revenge in return with almost Satanic malice. Eight hundred Jesuits had been transported into Italy under circumstances of extreme harshness and cruelty, even upon the evidence of Protestant witnesses. His agents and abettors were stirring up Spain, France, Germany, and other countries of Christendom, to imitate his example; which they soon did, in rolling down fresh rocks of ruin upon that mighty association, whose principal crime was an unflinching fidelity to the Church in a lukewarm and rationalistic age. Vainly had its members protested, explained, repudiated the false principles with which they were charged, and then manifested the most Christian meekness in taking up the cross which it might seem that Providence had appointed them to bear. In vain the Pope issued his bull, *Apostolicum pascendi munus*, confirming the institution of St. Ignatius, and confronting the rage of politicians and philosophers in the parliaments of Paris, or the courts of Turin, Madrid, and Vienna, as also at Lisbon and Oporto, where, notwithstanding every effort of Pombal, several copies found their way. The Portuguese premier only raged the more as fuel got heaped upon the fire. He threatened the Holy See with fresh thunderbolts. Pontifical rescripts were no longer to circulate from the *Tras os Montes* to the Algarves. The attorney-general demonstrated to his most faithful majesty that the infallibility of the successor of



St. Peter was a fallacy, only tolerated when unexamined. Father Ferreira followed up the game, by his hopeless endeavours to prove, in a set thesis, that such a doctrine had never been considered an article of faith. The rights of the metropolitans in Portugal to confirm and consecrate their suffragan bishops *nominated by the king*, and the power of these latter prelates to confirm and consecrate their metropolitans, *also named by his majesty, independently of the apostolic centre of unity*, found many avowed adherents and defenders. Such advocates had resolved to render the crown as absolute in ecclesiastical matters as in civil ones; nor did the lesser clergy fail to participate more or less in analogous sympathies, when they beheld the Archbishop of Evora granting dispensations for marriage without the concurrence of the Court of Rome. All the other bishops soon imitated so baneful an example; the British envoy exulted at the prospect of another ecclesiastical revolt; and had the lunacy of Exeter Hall raged in those halcyon days, our ancestors would have heard then about Portugal precisely the hallucinations and predictions in which Dr. Cumming now rejoices about Piedmont.

It is observed by Von Müller, an author not generally favourable to the interests of religious truth, that when the great bell of the Capitol announced to the inhabitants of the Eternal City the death of Clement XIII., there was scarcely an individual to be seen who was not in tears. As a Pontiff, he had manfully striven to protect his sacred charge from the assaults and cruel encroachments of the princes of the earth. But his own countrymen, the Venetians, instigated by the Portuguese minister, were already casting a covetous eye upon the revenues of nearly fifty thousand ecclesiastics. Parma, Corsica, and Naples, actuated by similar influences, were ready to range themselves with France and Spain, whose statesmen, borrowing their precedents from Lisbon, had expatriated to the patrimony of St. Peter nearly a myriad of Jesuits, the friends of the sick and the poor, and the instructors of the ignorant wherever they might be discovered. Gallicanism seemed triumphing from the Rhine to the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The sceptre of temporal sovereignty had risen in its pride against the pastoral staff of spiritual authority; or what error has always been too willing to falsify as the usurpation of ecclesiastical pretension. And yet it was quickly found that barracks increased as convents diminished; the bayonet glittered as the crozier withdrew; and the disciples of the Encyclopædia sang pæans over every blow levelled at the children of Loyola. When the College of Cardinals assembled to elect a new Pope, the Duke de Choi-

seul, in the true Bourbon spirit, menaced them with fearful consequences, exactly as Philip de Valois treated Boniface four centuries and three-quarters before: and when Ganganeli had a majority of suffrages, on the 1st of May 1769, Pombal remarked to the Nuncio announcing the news, that had the choice fallen upon a prelate favourable to the Jesuits, he should possibly have lapsed into Lutheranism. As things turned out, he condescended to remain nominally a good Catholic. A sort of reconciliation was patched up between Joseph and Clement XIV. The minister was advanced to his marquisate: a ring was sent him from his Holiness, with his own likeness cut upon an agate, as well as the pontifical miniature in oil-colours, curiously framed; two small silver sculptures, with the entire bodies of four saints; and an appointment to the cardinalate for a brother of the new marquis; while illuminations both at Rome and Lisbon attested the general joy. These last were repeated three years later on the banks of the Tagus, with *Te Deums* and solemn jubilations at all the churches, on the reception of the bull *Dominus ac Redemptor noster Jesus Christus*, which appeared to extinguish for ever the marvellous association of St. Ignatius. Pombal had at length won his victory.

And with what did he present his country in return? It will be answered, that he procured for her a transient gleam of material and secular prosperity; in other words, it was the old exchange of Glaucus and Tydides over again, only upon a larger scale than the folly before the walls of Troy: χρύσεα χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι' ἑννεαβοίων:

“For Diomed's brass arms of mean device,  
For which nine oxen paid the vulgar price,  
He gave a suit of gold divinely wrought;  
A hundred beeves the matchless mail had bought.”

The metropolis rose rapidly and magnificently from its ruins. Commerce, which had been all but prostrated by bad management, under a new junta developed to a wonderful extent, and frequently produced large profits. The nobles were permitted to take and hold shares in the great mercantile companies; manufactories were established for silk, calico, and cotton fabrics, as well as for hats and paper. Pombal, moreover, had the honour of introducing the use of forks into Portugal, illustrating thereby the wisdom of an almost obsolete proverb as to the greater antiquity of fingers! He also gave an impetus to maritime enterprise; fostering the trade with Bahia, Rio Janeiro, and Morocco, in many regulations sufficiently sagacious, when we remember the age in which he lived. He



patronised the enfranchisement and civilisation of slaves and Indians; wrote and spoke about various liberal plans of education; so that, had he only been a British subject under Queen Victoria, he might have made a tolerable member for Manchester. His mouth and mind, moreover, overflowed with schemes and visions in the way of conventual and ecclesiastical reform, rich in verbal promises for the public advantage, and substantial in the pecuniary benefits which quite accidentally accrued to his own private property. The army demanded and received considerable attention. It had shrunk to a mob of about 8000 men, no better accoutred than the ragged regiment of Falstaff. Pombal perceived, that in the famous family compact between Spain and France, in 1761, the policy of Philip II. might be imitated under Charles III., and the inheritance of the Braganzas swallowed up in that of the Bourbons. He threw himself, therefore, in foreign affairs, under the protection of Great Britain, and boldly prepared for war. The fortifications on the frontiers underwent repairs; 36,000 infantry, 6000 cavalry, and 5000 artillery were raised, and placed under the able command of the Count La Lippe and Prince Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; whilst England sent as an auxiliary contingent 10,000 soldiers. The navy had fallen to a couple of ships: but the active minister lost no time in hiring 300 shipwrights from the dockyards at Plymouth and Portsmouth; so that within a few years he could muster beneath the national flag ten sail of the line, and ultimately thirteen, with a proportionable number of frigates, besides guarding the coasts, and despatching vessels with engineers, workmen, and materials for the erection of forts and arsenals in Mozambique and the Brazils. As to the finances, he discovered on his accession to power no less than 22,000 tax-gatherers,—regular vultures of the right strength and stomach, with wings of watchfulness that never wearied, eyes that could discern their prey from Alpine altitudes, nostrils that snuffed it as they descended, and appetites greedy as the grave. He swept them all away; and, by an entirely novel system, contrived to collect the revenue at an expense of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent on the gross total. Economy was carried even into the royal kitchens, where eighty male cooks were reduced to twenty. Without imposing any fresh imposts, the taxes, through merely honest management, rose to their present amount—upwards of 3,000,000*l.* sterling—of which more than a third, in the former state of things, became the spoil of plunderers and harpies. The population of Portugal must then have been about that of Holland or Scotland in our own times. He simplified the mode of keeping the public accounts; fostered the cultivation of ce-



reals in some of the provinces where the vine could scarcely be grown with advantage; established a sort of royal press under a censorship; founded the *Collegio dos Nobres*, or College of Nobles, to improve the literary tastes of that class; promoted every where the acquisition of modern languages; prohibited a custom in schools of communicating all instruction in Latin; encouraged many ingenious inventions; regulated the testamentary, sumptuary, and retail arrangements of the middle orders; reformed the university at Coimbra; befriended the study of mathematics and natural history; formed several museums, besides endowing nearly a thousand professorships and masterhips throughout the kingdom; carried on successfully two wars with Spain; favoured the arts with considerate liberality; and, finally, escaped assassination from the explosion of an infernal machine. We have deliberately sketched in this sentence the general outlines of his triumphant administration, down to the grand jubilee of 1775, when, on the royal birthday, a colossal equestrian statue of Don Joseph was unveiled to the public gaze, amidst an expenditure of 200,000*l.* sterling.

On that memorable day, the 6th of June, his Most Faithful Majesty received from his minister a written glorification of their joint reign. The marquis magniloquently enumerates the nine steps of advancement which Portugal had taken in the last quarter of a century under their united auspices: respectable persons had learned to write legibly; the mechanical arts of handicraft in gold, silver, wools, silks, steel, mercery, millinery, furniture, and carriages, were flourishing; painting, sculpture, and architecture lifted up their heads; the *belles-lettres*, introduced by the Jesuits, as was admitted, had survived their expulsion; the higher sciences were making progress; domestic trade and industry filled the window-shops of the metropolis with the produce of the national manufactories; foreign commerce had dispersed the diamonds of Brazil over the east and west, in exchange for sugars, tobacco, salt, cocoa, coffee, cotton, rice, and spices; the vintages and fruits of the six Lusitanian provinces now poured into their laps a cornucopia of plenty and variety; while such was the wealth of the people, that strangers almost lost their admiration of it in the envy which it universally excited. Certain it is, that externally the picture thus delineated by the elated marquis may not be said to have been overdrawn. A treasury which he found empty was now full to overflowing; credit, which had vanished, was now apparently restored. If Augustus had boasted that he first beheld Rome a city of brick, but that he left it marble, Pombal might say of Lisbon, that he had seen it

a heap of ruins, and that he rendered it, for local beauty and magnificence, unparalleled in the Peninsula. All this might seem to be true, whilst in reality a more visionary mirage of prosperity never deluded the eyes of man. It is one of the dissolving-views of history. Don Joseph expired on the 24th of February 1777; the Marquis of Pombal fell like a meteor from the political firmament; and the prosperity of Portugal, based upon no foundation of religious principles, passed away with him. There were 78,000,000 of cruzados at that moment accumulated in the royal exchequer, besides jewels of inestimable value. But what people upon earth became poorer, or more wretched, or what court more degraded and impoverished, dragging forward the miserable existence they did, without faith, or morals, or intelligence, until the military volcano of the French swallowed them up, and again had to disgorge them? Pombal retired to the city after which he is called in Lusitanian and European annals, laden with years, wealth, and honours; but also amidst the hisses of an aristocracy whom he had never failed to mortify, the groans of multitudes whom he had done his best to demoralise, the scorn of a profligate court which he had so long terrified, and the murmured maledictions of a Church from whose fold, although he had not openly apostatised, he had driven away its noblest defenders. Such religion as he had was latitudinarian, attired by accident in the costume of Catholicity. In a conversation with the Sardinian envoy, on the death of Clement XIII., he expressed the most cordial wish that a Pope might be chosen of such a character and temper *as to form a system for approximating the Romish to the Protestant profession.* His ideas about the matter were plainly those of the notable Anthony Foster in Kenilworth, whose creed would bear pulling off and on, like an easy glove, at the varying suggestions of the world, the flesh, and the devil. His health, which had been often tried, held out better as he grew older. Wraxall describes him as full of vigour and activity, though then having attained his seventy-third year; "in person he seemed very tall and slender, with a face long, pale, meagre, and rife with intelligence." His vindication of his actions, written in his retirement, was followed up by a defence, which annoyed the court, and was ordered to be burnt in disgrace. His enemies multiplied their assaults upon his reputation and past conduct; nor perhaps will the mystery ever be removed in this world hanging over several of the details relative to the Aveiro conspiracy. In 1780-1, a judicial inquiry, conducted by eighteen judges, reversed every thing that Pombal had done with regard to the parties accused,

and by a majority of fifteen to three acquitted them all, the dead as well as the survivors. Government even issued a decree against the marquis himself; yet no one actually molested him. He expired in his rural palace on the 5th of May 1782, supported, as we are informed by the foolish author of the worthless memoirs before us, "with that inward sunshine of the soul which a good conscience can always bestow on itself." His friends, who would fain refine upon the pious prayer of Catholics, substituted on his tomb an "improvement" of the devout *Requiescat in pace*, and wrote over his body, "May the earth repose lightly upon him;" a worthy epitaph for such a man and such a minister.

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#### HOW DID SCOTLAND BECOME PRESBYTERIAN?

1. *Lesly's (John) History of Scotland from the Death of King James I. to the year 1561.* 4to. Bannatyne Club.
2. *The Historie of the Reformation of Religioun within ye Realme of Scotland.* By John Knox. Edinburgh. Fol.
3. *The Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.* Bannatyne Club. 4to.
4. *History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. 9 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh.

(Fourth Article.)

By a series of rapid and violent operations, a mere handful of insurgents had now made themselves masters of the strongest fortified town in Scotland; and, marching without opposition to Edinburgh, were in temporary possession of the capital. Distrusting their cause, and unable to reckon on any sufficient support of their own countrymen, they immediately opened negotiations with England. But here a curious difficulty presented itself. Knox, whose ferocity of temper sometimes outran his cunning, had issued to the world a fierce philippic against "*the monstrous regiment of women.*" The prophetic spirit with which, upon convenient occasions, Knox pretended to be gifted, failed to anticipate the accession of a Protestant princess to the English throne by the unexpected death of Queen Mary; and as Mary of England, Mary Guise, and Mary his youthful sovereign, were all alike objects of his intense and vindictive personal animosity, he had involved all three, with all contingent female sovereigns, in one sweeping



tirade against the principle of a female succession. But no sooner did a female sovereign become likely to aid him in his designs, than he was eager to eat his own words, and act in unblushing defiance of his own avowed principles.

At the gathering summonsed to St. Andrew's by the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle, on their first desertion from their sovereign, Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange arrived, and openly espoused their cause. This man had in March 1557 offered his services, for a consideration, to the English Queen to assist in expelling altogether French influence from Scotland. In November of the same year, he, in company of the Lord James, the Earl of Glencairn, and others, were on the side of the Regent, receiving money from the French King, and stipulating for the sending of French auxiliaries into Scotland. Now, again, he is in arms against the Regent and the French, and eager for fresh treasonable correspondence with the English government.

On the 1st July (1559) he addressed a letter from Edinburgh to Sir Henry Percy. What is remarkable in it is as follows. He asserts that

“They (the congregation) mean nothing but reformation of religion. The manner of their proceeding in reformation is this; they pull down all manner of friaries, and some abbeyes, which willingly receive not the Reformation. As to parish-churches, they cleanse them of images and all other monuments of idolatry, and *command* that no masses be said in them; in place thereof, the book set forth by godly King Edward is read in the same churches. Some suppose the queen, seeing no other remedy, will follow their desires, which is, a general reformation throughout the whole realm conform to the pure word of God, and the Frenchmen to be sent away. If her grace will do so, they will obey her and serve her, and annex the whole revenues of the abbeyes to the crown. If her grace will not be content with this, they are determined to hear of no agreement.”

Knox was at this time in close and daily communication with Kirkaldy, and was cognisant of the contents of his correspondence with Sir Henry Percy, if indeed the letter be not from his own pen; yet, on the same day, he addresses a letter to Sir Henry, in which occur the following passages amongst others:

“Persuade yourself, and assure others, that we mean neither sedition, neither yet rebellion against any just and lawful authority; but only the advancement of Christ's religion, and the liberty of this poor realm. If we can have one with the other, it will fare better with England; which, if we lack, although we mourn and smart England will not escape without worse trouble. But all this had I

rather communicate face to face, than commit to paper and ink. This other letter I have direct to Mr. Secretary, which, if your honour will cause to be delivered, I suppose you shall not offend him. Other things I have, which now I cannot write for continual trouble hanging on my wicked carcass, by reason of this tumult raised against Christ Jesus in his (members). I pray you, seek to know the mind of the queen, and of the council, touching our support if we be pursued by an army of Frenchmen, and let me be assured by advertisement reasonably."

The date and address of this letter is Edinburgh, 1st July, —precisely the same as those of Kirkaldy's letter to the same person. Some days before the 24th June, Kirkaldy joined the insurgents at St. Andrew's. On or before the 23d occurred the conversation betwixt him and Knox, in which "it was concluded betwix theame two that support sould be craved of England."

In pursuance of this, Kirkaldy wrote on the 23d June to Sir W. Cecil. On the 25th Perth was taken; and Knox's letter to the same was written from that place on the 28th. On the 29th the rebels were in possession of Edinburgh. And no sooner are the two confederates arrived at Edinburgh than both write on the 1st July to Sir Harry Percy, with whom Kirkaldy appears to have been on some terms of intimacy. Knox takes that occasion to introduce himself to Sir Harry through his friend, and at the same time prepares a letter, which he requests him to transmit to Sir W. Cecil.

The following quotations form the gist of this production:

"If the most parte of women be wicked, and suche as willingly we wald not sould regne over us; and if the maist godly, and suche as have rare graces, be yit mortall, we ought to take heid, leist in establischeing one judged godly and profitable to hir cuntrey, we mak ane entres and titill to many, of quhome not only sall the truthe be impugned, bot also sall the cuntray be brocht in bondage.  
\* \* \* By divers letteris I have required license to have visite the north partis of Inghland, bot as yit I hav receaved no favourable answer. The longer, sir, that it be delayed, the less comfort sall the faythfull there receive, the weaker sall the queen's grace be. If I war not to her grace ane unfayned friend, I wald not instantly beg suche liberty," &c. (*Knox*, lib. iii. p. 209.)

From some cause or other Knox's letter was delayed. In the mean time, Mr. Whitlaw had arrived with a verbal message from Cecil; and a servant came from Sir Harry Percy appointing Sir W. Kirkaldy to meet him for the purpose of an oral communication at Norham; after which, Knox added the following postscript to his former letter, dated 12th July:

"After the scribbling of these former lines came Mr. Whitlaw,



&c. \* \* \* \* Immediately after Mr. Whitlaw, came a servant from Sir Harry Percy to Mr. Kirkaldy, who, departing from us at Edinburgh to speak the said Sir Harry, brought news to the hearts of all joyful, whensoever they shall be divulged. It was thought expedient to communicate the matter only with those that are strongest, till farther knowledge of the queen's majesty's good mind towards this action. We doubt not the good mind of the whole Congregation, which is great, as I doubt not but by others you will understand; but it is not thought expedient that so weighty a matter be untimeously disclosed. True and faithful preachers in the north parts cannot but greatly advance this cause. If a learned and godly man might be appointed to Berwick with license also to preach within Scotland, I doubt not but to obtain unto him the hands of the most part of the gentlemen of the borders. Advert one thing, sir, that if the hearts of the borderers of both parts can be united together in God's fear, our victory shall be easy."

The private interview between Kirkaldy and Sir Harry Percy, to which Knox alludes, took place at Norham; and what was the weighty matter not to be "untimeously disclosed," which when divulged would be to the hearts of all those "who did not, neither did intend to, usurp any thing against the authorities," is disclosed in the following extract from the original instructions sent by Secretary Cecil to Sir James Croft, the governor of Berwick:

"In any wise do you endeavour to kindle the fire, for if it should quench, the opportunity thereof will not arise in our lives; and that the Protestants mean to do woud be done with all speed, for it will be too late when the French power cometh. To a wise man few words serve." (18th July 1559. Ms. State-Paper Office.)

So that these instructions were despatched eight days after the date of Kirkaldy's letter to Sir Harry Percy, and within two or three days of the interview held at Norham between the two latter individuals under the directions of Cecil.

"The learned and godly man" whom Knox advises should be "appointed to Berwick, with license also to preach within Scotland," is no other than himself. "The continual trouble hanging on his wicked carcass," of which he writes in his previous letter to Sir Harry Percy, had been a source of irrepressible uneasiness to him ever since his return from the continent. From before he left Dieppe up to the date of these letters, he had unceasingly laboured to procure this favourable appointment to the border-town of Berwick. He thought he saw in it a spot of safety, from which he might issue, ever as opportunity offered, to prosecute his evil designs in his native country; and which would at the same time afford him a secure retreat in the event of failure. It was with this view



that he lingered so long at Dieppe before he ventured into his native country; and it was with this view that he wrote from thence one of the longest of his long canting letters to Cecil, in which, by alternate intimidation and flattery, he tries to conciliate that minister's support, so far as to procure him a license to visit England. Want of space alone forbids our quoting it.

Knox, however, was at that time an uninfluential refugee; Cecil was secretary of state to the Queen of England; and accordingly, as might be expected, no answer was returned. Knox was not, however, discouraged by the contempt of the English minister. In various ways, and with urgent importunity, he pressed his favourite point; and at length, in a letter, which, although signed by the six chief conspirators, is in Knox's own handwriting, he addresses his suit, backed by the authority of their names, to the English Queen herself. We quote one, and but one paragraph from this letter, as illustrative at once of the entire dependence of this revolution for its success upon English aid, its deep unpopularity in Scotland, and the cowardly terror of impending danger which incessantly harassed and tormented the Scottish reformer: "If in this battle we shall be overthrown (as that we stand in great danger, as well by domestical enemies as by the great preparation which we hear to be sent against us by France), we fear that our ruin shall be but an increase to a greater difficulty."

For a long while no answer whatever was returned to his several importunities; and when at length Cecil replied to him, it was in a tone of the most bitter and mocking irony conceivable. It is addressed to "Maister Knox."

In reply to his attempted exculpation of himself to Elizabeth, the secretary imitates his ridiculous application of Scripture text: "*Non est masculus neque fœmina, omnes enim (ut ait Paulus) unum sumus in Christo Jesu.*" In the same mocking tone he answers his repeated entreaties for license to visit the north parts of England: "*Benedictus vir qui confidit in Domino, et erit Dominus fiducia ejus.* I neid to wische you no more prudence then God's grace, quhareof God send you plentie. And so I end." (*Knox*, lib. iii. p. 213.)

The Regent was at a great disadvantage in the contest to which she was committed. Her generous disposition was no match for the dissimulation of her adversaries. It was a long while before she would permit herself to believe that the youthful Earl of Argyle, who was as much a simpleton as knave, and her husband's son, then only twenty-five years of age, upon whom herself, as well as the Queen her daughter, had lavished

the greatest favours, really meditated the deep treachery of which subsequent events revealed him to be guilty. But the robbing of the Mint, and the seizure of the coining-irons, was such an extreme and undisguised assault upon the rights of the crown, that it appears to have opened her eyes to the sinister and ambitious projects of the young commandator of St. Andrew's. Her proclamation, in which she appealed to the loyalty of her subjects against the designs of the rebels, produced a prodigious effect.

After two unsuccessful attempts at negotiation, conducted on the part of the six lords with an insolence that contrasted strongly with her forbearance, the lords of the Congregation returned to Edinburgh, where they resolved to remain throughout the winter, "for the establisching of the Kirk thare." (*Knox*, lib. ii. p. 150.)

The issue of money, however, and the appointment of a "secret council" in the capital, constituted so undeniable a justification of the Regent's accusation, that a usurpation of the authority of the crown was contemplated under the plea of reformation of religion, that the Congregation was abandoned by all who were not yet prepared to commit open treason.

The Regent quickly took advantage of their defection; and on Saturday, 24th July, her forces marched from Dunbar towards the capital. The men of Leith received her joyfully; and as Lord Erskine, who was in command of the castle, signified to the rebels that he would fire upon any force that should attempt to obstruct the entrance of the Queen Regent into her capital, they thought it better to come to an accommodation. With her usual forbearance, she permitted them to withdraw, upon conditions precisely the same, or even more favourable ones than she had all along offered them.

They were as follows, as given by Leslie (p. 276):

"First, That the lordis of the Congregatione and all thair hoill cumpanie, sauffing onlie the indwellers of the toun of Edinburghe, should pas furth of the toun, and leafe the samyn voyd without any men of war, at the quenis regentis pleasour.

"That the lordis of the Congregatione should rander all the conyeit money taiken be thame, with the conye irins, and deliver the samyn into thair handis quha had the charge thair of be the quene. And lykwyse the palice of Halierudhouse should be left and randered to the keper thair of, or to any uther having sufficient pouer of the quene, in the same estait as it was receaved, and that befor thay depairt of the toun of Edinburghe: and for keping of the twa foirsaidis articles, the Lord Ruthven and the Lorde of Pettarro was delivered as pledges be thame to the loirdis commissioneris for the

quenis pairt. The saidis lordis of the Congregatione, and all those that dependis apoun thame, shall remane subjectis and obedient to the authoritie of the king and quene thair soveranis, and to the quene regent, and shall obey all lawis and customis of the realme, as evir thay war wount befor this truble and controversie, except in that quhilk concernis the religeone, as shal be heireaftir specifit.

"The saidis lordis of the Congregatione shall not truble nor molest any prellattis or kirkmen be way of deid in thair persones, nor shall make any impediment to thame to jois thair rentis, proffittis, and dewtes of thair benefices, swa that thay shall use frelie and dispone thairupoun, conforme to the lawis and customes of the realme, quhill the x. day of Januar nixt following.

"That none of the Congregatione shall use any force or violence upoun kirkis or religious places, bot thay shall remane in thair integritie and estait as thay war at that present, quhill the said day.

"The toun of Edinburgh shall cheis without compulsione, and use sic forme of religeone as shall please thame, to the end that the inhabitantis thair of may leve in libertie of conscience quhill the said day.

"That the quene regent sall not interpone hir authoritie to molest or truble the prechers, or impeshe or truble any of the Congregatione in thair bodeis, landis, guidis, possessionis, or pensionis; sall not suffer the clarge having spirituall or temporall jurisdictione, to truble thame in ony wayis for the effares of the religeoun, or any thing depending thairupoun, unto the said day; and that everie one be suffered to leaf in particular, in the meintyme, conforme to his conscience."

But they had nothing less in their hearts than the intention of observing this agreement. Before they quitted the town, they had the effrontery to issue the following manifesto:

"For alsmuch as it hath pleisit God, that apointment is maid betwix the quein regent and us the lordis and haill Protestantis of this realme, we have thocht gud to signifie unto yow the cheif heidis of the sam, quhilke be these.

"First, That no member of the Congregatioun sall be trubled in life, landis, guds, or possessionis be the quein, or be hir authoritie, nor be ony uther justice within this realme, for ony thing done in this laite innovatioun, till that a parliament hath desydit things that be in contraversie.

"Secoundlie, That idolatrie sall not be erected, quhair it is now at this day suppressed.

"Thirdlie, That the preichours and ministeris sall not be trubled in the ministratioun, quhair they ar alreadie establisched, neyther yit stopped to preiche quhairsoevir they sall happin to travell within this realme.

"Fortlie, That na bands of men of weir sall be laid in garisonis within the toun of Edinburghe.



"These cheif heidis of apointment, concerning the libertie of religioun, and conservatioun of our brethrein, we thocht gude to notifie unto yow, by this our proclamatioun, that in cais wrang or injurie be done be ony of the contrair factioun to ony member of our bodie, complaint may be maid to us, to quhome we promise, as we will answer to God, our faythfull supporte to the uttermost of our powers."

In this lying document no notice whatever is taken of the five first articles; whilst the last, according to Knox the last two, are spun out into five distinct articles, with conditions added which do not occur in the actual agreement.

The first is so altered from the one which it professes to correspond with, as to make it quite a different stipulation.

The second is an entire forgery. Here is the account of this iniquitous proceeding, as we get it from Knox's own pen. If we turn back, we find precisely the same articles of agreement,—with one addition, to wit, "Fifthly, that the Frenche men should be sent away at a ressonabill day; and that none uther suld be brocht in the cuntry without the consent of the hail nobilitie and parliament,"—as those which the insurgents at first proposed to the Regent. "Bot these our artikles (such are his own words) wer altered, and in ane uther forme disposed as aftir follows" (lib. ii. p. 152). And he then proceeds to give the articles actually agreed to, just as Leslie gives them, with the single addition we have named. So that these men did not scruple, not only to publish to the burgesses of Edinburgh a false account of the agreement concluded betwixt the Regent and themselves, but actually issued forth as genuine the very terms which they had originally proposed, and had been rejected. Knox, who a few months afterwards proposed to Sir James Crofts an act of even baser treachery and more cunning falsehood, scarcely attempts to conceal the motives of the "Congregation of the Lord" in this honest proceeding:

"This alteratioun in wordis and ordour," he says, speaking of the terms actually agreed to, "was maid without knowledge and consent of thois quhois counsail we had used in all suche caises befoir; for sum of thame perceaving we began to faint, and that we wald appoint with unequall conditionis, said, God has wonderfullie assistit us in our grittest dangeris; He has stricken feir in the hairtis of our enemies quhen thay supposed thameselfs most assured of victory. Our case is not yet so desperate, that we neid to grant to thingis unressonabill and ungodlie; quhilk if we do, it is to be feirit that thingis sall not so prosperously succeid as they have done heretofore."

Before they left Edinburgh, the Congregation provided a nucleus for the keeping together of their few favourers in that

city. And the circumstance is so characteristic of Knox, that it will be as well to let him be his own witness against himself:

“For the comforte of the brethren, and continowance of the kirk in Edinburgh, was left thare our deir brother Johne Willock, quho, for his faythfull labours and bauld courage in that battell, deserved immortall prays; for quhen it was found dangerous that Johne Knox, quho before was elected minister to that churche, sould continow thare, the brethren requestit the said Johne Willock to remane with thame, leist that, for lack of ministaris, idolatrie sould be erected upe agane.”

Indeed, at this conjuncture of affairs, Knox appears to have become almost reckless with fear. He scarcely retained the thinnest disguise of religion, and addicted himself exclusively to secular affairs.

Instead of retiring peaceably to their homes, his party retreated to Stirling,—a royal residence, it must be remembered,—where they installed themselves as a secret council of state. And, from that moment until they openly renewed hostilities, they never ceased the most vigorous preparations for the collision they were finally resolved should not be avoided. They issued counter-proclamations to the Regent's; they (or rather the Lord James, for this duty was discharged almost exclusively by his indefatigable personal exertions) provided victual and material for the approaching war; they issued commands to certain boroughs to elect for provost persons of their own nomination; they laboured unceasingly, through their preachers, who scrupled at no falsehood, to inflame the feelings of the people against the Regent personally, as well as the French soldiery; and they renewed with increased vigour their negotiations with England.

Shortly after their departure from Edinburgh, they received a letter from the English Secretary Cecil, dated July 28th, 1559, “in which,” says Tytler, “he incited them to continue the struggle, and to weaken their principal enemies, the popish clergy, by despoiling them of their riches.” (Vol. vi. pp. 123-4.)

This was a very violent intervention at such an early stage of the revolution for the cold and cautious Cecil and his dissimulating and parsimonious mistress. But there were good reasons for it. Elizabeth's predicament was peculiar. The necessities of her political position—if she would retain her crown—committed her to hostility to the Church, to whose faith she was by no means opposed. The same necessities made the revolutionary excesses, which formed the most con-



spicuous feature of the proceedings of the Scottish "saints," peculiarly obnoxious to her.

Until, however, the death of Henry II. of France, she does not appear to have meditated any very energetic support of the Scottish rebels. But the accident which suddenly terminated the career of that monarch rendered the situation of the tenant of the English crown more perilous than before. The object of her inextinguishable jealousy now occupied the brilliant position of actual Queen of Scotland and France; and her great personal charms and eminent virtues threw an additional splendour around her throne. Her husband had now the absolute disposal of the vast resources of a French monarchy wherewith to assert the claims of his queen. The sympathies of the whole Catholic world, and of Elizabeth's Catholic subjects, were naturally arrayed on her side. And the Scotch malcontents took good care, throughout their correspondence with Elizabeth, that she should not lose sight of her own peril, if the final triumph of authority in Scotland should place the resources of that kingdom also at the disposal of the French monarch. Without a doubt, the policy to which Elizabeth's position compelled her was as intricate as hazardous. Any tangible intervention in behalf of the Scottish rebels would have been fatal to her, in the event of their defeat. What were the secret views of Elizabeth and her cabinet may be collected from the following extract from certain Minutes for restoring the Realm of Scotland to the ancient Weale, written by Cecil, and dated 5th August 1559:

"Finally, if the queen be unwilling to this, as it is likely she will, in respect of the greedy and tyrannous [affliction?] of France, then is it apparent that Almighty God is pleased to transfer from her the rule of the kingdom, for the weale of it; and in this time great circumspection is to be used, to avoid the deceits and trumperies of the French." (*Keith*, Appendix to book i. p. 25.)

Accordingly, at the same time that she was urging the conspirators to persevere in their enterprise, she was writing to the Regent to protest her earnest desire for the maintenance of strict peace and amity between the two nations.

Cecil's letter, however, was not by any means what "the godly" wanted. Of incitements to disturb the realm, dispossess the ecclesiastics, and spoil the Church, they stood in no need whatsoever. But of the means to enable them to effect those objects with impunity they just then happened to stand in the utmost need. They did not require the English secretary to point out to them their victims and their spoil, but they wanted money and troops for the overcoming the one and



appropriating the other. Wherefore Knox was despatched immediately after the receipt of Cecil's letter from Stirling to Berwick, to seek a private interview with Sir James Crofts, the governor of the Castle. In one of the apartments of that fortress, on the 1st August 1559, behold the degraded priest, now professing a zeal for the reformation of religion, closeted with the English general, and earnestly negotiating with him the following propositions:

"It appears," writes Tytler, "from the original instructions committed to this indefatigable reformer, that his mission was almost warlike. He proposed to seize and garrison Stirling, provided the English would send money for the payment of the troops, describing it as 'the key and principal place' which might separate the northern part of the kingdom from the south; he represented that some assistance by sea would be required for the safety of Dundee and Perth, and suggested the fortification of Broughty Craig, to which work the barons in its neighbourhood, who were zealous for the cause, would give every assistance; he pointed out the necessity of the fort of Eyemouth being seized by England, to prevent its occupation by the French; and he required the Queen's Majesty to influence the Kers, Homes, and other borderers, in favour of their party. Under the term 'comfortable support,' which the Congregation looked for from Elizabeth, he explained, that not only soldiers must be sent, and men and ships be ready to assist them if assaulted, but 'that some respect must be had to some of the nobility, who were not able to sustain such households as now, in the beginning of these troubles, were requisite; the practice of the Queen Regent being to stir up enemies against every nobleman, even in the parts where he remaineth.' In plainer terms, the Scottish nobility who had joined the cause of the Congregation were anxious, like their predecessors under Henry VIII., to receive pensions from England. On such conditions the Reformers, Knox declares, were ready to enter into a strict league with Elizabeth to bind themselves to be enemies to her enemies, and friends to her friends, and never to agree with France without the consent of that princess. He lastly observed, that although the league was as yet only proposed to the Privy Council of Scotland, so anxiously was it desired by the whole barons, that they accused the Council of negligence for having so long delayed it." (Ms. Instructions, State-Paper Office, 31st July 1559, in the hand of Knox. *Tytler*, vol. vi. pp. 127, 128.)

And yet this very man was, for several weeks immediately succeeding this negotiation, writing, with his own hand, documents containing the most solemn asseverations of the sincerity and loyalty of himself and the men with whom he acted, and labouring to fasten upon the Regent the charge of breaking the agreement made at the Links of Leith, and to bring her into odium with her people.

On the night of the interview in question he returned to Stirling, bearing no more valuable succour than fair words. The English Queen, however, shortly afterwards despatched Sir Ralph Sadler to Berwick, to conduct the negotiations with "the godly" of Scotland. His instructions, in Cecil's handwriting, are dated 8th Aug. (1559). The following extracts from them are not uninformative:

"Item: The principal scope shall be to nourish the faction betwixt the Scots and the French, so that the French may be better occupied with them, and less busy with England.

"Item: The Duke [Chastelherault] may pretend as good cause to arrest Mons. d'Oysell, or some other of the French . . . as the French have done in driving away the one [of his sons], and imprisoning the other. . . .

"Item: It shall do well to explore the very truth, whether the Lord James do mean any enterprize towards the crown of Scotland for himself or no; and if he do, and the duke be found very cold in his own causes, it shall not be amiss to let the Lord James follow his own device therein, and without dissuading or persuading him any thing therein.

"Item: Finally, if he shall find any disposition in any of them to rid away the French there, he may well accelerate the same, with this persuasion, that if they tarry until the aid come out of France, they shall find these to abide longer than they would." (*Tytler, Proofs and Illustrations*, vol. vi. pp. 387, 388.)

The affairs of the "Congregation of the Lord" were just now in such a strait, that unless they could extort some positive aid, both in men and money, from the English Queen, their cause was hopeless. The failure of Knox's mission, therefore, only induced them to renew their application in a more importunate manner than before. A letter, signed by the two leaders of the rebellion, Argyle and the Prior of St. Andrew's, and in Knox's handwriting, was immediately sent to Sir James Crofts; in which occurs the following remarkable passage: "Ye are not ignorant, sir, how difficult it is to *persuade* a multitude to the revolt of an authority established." (*Tytler*, vol. vi. p. 129.)

Knox sent another on his own account to Crofts, in his own forward pushing style:

"I must signify to you," he writes, "that unless the Council be more forward in this common action, ye will utterly discourage the hearts of all here; for they cannot abide the crime of suspicion. They will not trifle; but if they cannot have present support of them, they will seek the next remedy,—not that I mean that ever they intend to return to France,—to preserve their own bodies, whatsoever become of the country, which our enemies may easily occupy;



and when they have done so, make your account what may ensue towards yourself." (Knox to Sir James Crofts, 6th August 1559. No. 1 Letter, State-Paper Office. *Tytler*, vol. vi. p. 130.)

And from Glasgow, whither they had summoned another rebellious convention of their favourers on 28th August (1559), the Prior of St. Andrew's, and the Earl of Argyle, in the name of the rest, addressed a letter to Sir W. Cecil, in reply to that which they had received from him at Stirling, dated 28th July. It is dated 13th August, and contains the following admissions amongst others:

"We are not ignorant that our enemies, the Popish kirkmen, are crafty, rich, malicious, and bloodthirsty, and most gladly would we have their riches otherwise bestowed; but consider, sir, that we have against us the established authority"—(yet with the same false hands they wrote, both before and after this, the most solemn asseverations that "they usurped nothing against the established authority")—"which did ever favour you and Denmark both in all your reformation; and, therefore, that without support we cannot bring them to such obedience as we desire. . . . We have tempted the duke by all means possible, but as yet of him have no certainty other than a general promise that he will not be our enemy. We cease not to provoke all men to favour our cause, and of our nobility we have established a council; but suddenly to discharge this authority" (against which they were not usurping any thing!) "till that ye and we be fully accorded, it is not thought expedient."

Two days after the date of this letter, Knox wrote again to the same distinguished individual from St. Andrew's, whither he had probably betaken himself after the convention at Glasgow under the protection of the Prior. It contained a pressing application for succours from England, chiefly on the ground of the danger to that country if the Congregation were worsted. The following quotation from it is important, as showing the insignificant numbers of the party which originated a movement that eventually was so successful:

"The case of these gentlemen," he writes, "standeth thus: that unless, without delay, money be furnished to pay their soldiers, who in number are now but 500, for their service by past, and to retain another 1000 footmen, with 300 horsemen, for a time, they will be compelled every man to seek the next way for his own safety." (Original Ms. Letter, State-Paper Office, St. Andrew's, 15th August 1559; backed in Cecil's hand, "Mr. Knox." *Tytler*, vol. vi. p. 138.)

But the importunities of "the godly" were not limited to letters. Balnaves, whose talents for intrigue had been matured in the service of the murderers of Cardinal Beaton, was



this time despatched to Berwick upon a similar mission to that from which Knox had returned unsuccessful. His instructions from the five barons "who professed Jesus Christ" in Scotland, to wit, the Lord James, Argyle, Glencairn, Boyd, and Ochiltree, were, as Tytler informs us, to

"Assure him that the breach between them and the Queen Regent was now incurable; that having advanced so far in their resistance, they must go forward with the matter, or lose their lives; that whatever pretence they made, the principal mark they shot at was, to introduce an alteration of the state and authority, to depose the Regent, place the supreme power in the hands of the Duke, or his son the Earl of Arran, and then enter into open treaty with England, according to the exigency of the case."

The conference at which this black intrigue was negotiated took place at the appropriate hour of midnight. The conclave consisted of Sir Ralph Sadler, Elizabeth's agent; Sir James Crofts, the governor of the castle; and Balnaves: and the result was that Balnaves carried back with him to the Congregation 2000*l.* for the maintenance of their troops, and promises of advances of money to Sir William Kirkaldy, Crichton, the Laird of Ormistoun, and Whitlaw, all Knox's chief and most intimate confederates, and men of ruined fortunes. Whilst these conspirators were in conclave, the Earl of Arran, the Duke of Chastelherault's eldest son, arrived at the castle, under the assumed name of Monsieur de Beaufort. Causes which we have no space to detail, had compromised him with the Huguenot party, and he had fled in disgrace from France. The Duke, always as weak as vain, and more vacillating than the wind, swayed immediately to his son's bias. As soon as the Regent was informed of the desertion of the Duke of Chastelherault and the Earl his son, and that a convention of the revolted barons and their supporters was summoned to be held at Gowan Muir, beside Glasgow, she addressed to the Duke a letter, to which, because, it must be supposed, of its gentleness and moderation of tone, Knox applies the epithets of "*false and flattering*." She wrote also to the barons, and issued a general proclamation to the people.

Knox thus describes the effect of these measures: "Bot the grittest parte of the nobilitie, and mony of the pepill, war so enchanted by hir *tressonabill* solistaries, that they culd not heir, nor credite the truth plainlie spokin." (Lib. xi. p. 161.) Her proclamation the Congregation thought proper to answer by a counter manifesto, the excessive length of which, its turbid wordiness, its cant and falsehood, stamp it as Knox's composition. Its entire aim appears to be, by every artful appeal, to arouse the animosity of the people against the few

French troops in the service of the Regent. And what is chiefly remarkable in this document is, that in spite of its tedious length, there is not to be found throughout it one *direct* allusion to any religious motives as the cause of their turbulence. Taxes, the debasement of the current coin, oppressive tyranny, and the usual topics of demagogues, are dwelt upon with methodistical unction. But not such an expression as reformation of religion occurs throughout.

A stronger incidental evidence of the unpopularity of the "new evangel" than the omission of all mention of it in a popular appeal of this nature it would be impossible to find. Here, however, we must for the present conclude. In one more paper we shall bring the whole narrative to a conclusion.

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### CORSICA.

*Corsica, in its Picturesque, Social, and Historical Aspects: the Record of a Tour in the Summer of 1852.* By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated from the German, by Russell Martineau, M.A. Longmans.

THERE are few things more interesting to the thoughtful observer than those rare spots of the earth in which old modes of thought and feeling, and old habits of life, still survive in the very midst of our modern civilisation. It is not, indeed, easy to believe that such things actually exist in all the vigour of energetic vitality. One can readily fancy a country where the men have pigtails and chew opium, and the women squeeze their feet into little round nobs, if only it is understood that they are relegated to the other side—that is, in our judgment, the wrong side—of the globe. What better can be expected of a Chinaman, unblest as he is by railroads, parliaments, the penny-post, and the Thirty-nine Articles? But it really is astonishing to stumble upon a people, almost within sight of France, whose notions are about as incomprehensible to the London cockney and the country squire as those which reign in the Celestial Empire itself.

Such a people are the Corsicans, of whom it may truly be said that we know about as little of them as they know of us. The average Englishman is, of course, aware that there is such an island as Corsica, somewhere in the Mediterranean; for he learnt its name and whereabouts when he was taught "geography" at school. He is aware, also, that Napoleon Bonaparte was born there; and if he is familiar with Boswell, his



talk and his books, he has been bored by the Boswellian adoration of the Corsican Paoli, almost as much as Boswell's own friends were bored by his worship of the same insular hero. But of the past history and present condition of the island,—of its religion, morals, and daily customs,—we are most of us even more ignorant than we are of those of the generality of our continental neighbours; and that is saying a great deal.

Ferdinand Gregorovius's record of his tour in Corsica will accordingly be acceptable to the reading public, both on account of the novelty of the subject, and for its intrinsic interest, and the agreeable, lively, and intelligent way in which he communicates the large amount of information which he gathered together. He has the further advantage, that though a German—we had almost said—he writes English. To speak plainly, his German is free from those peculiarities of the style of his countrymen which make so many of their books, if not untranslatable, at least unreadable when they are translated. His style is straightforward, sufficiently terse, and has more vivacity than is usual with German writers. He is, moreover, a man of classical tastes and much general information,—two qualifications especially necessary for fair observation and just criticism of an island and a people so ancient and so singular as Corsica and its inhabitants. The result is a book of travels more entertaining and instructive than nine-tenths of those which every year sees issuing from the press. We must add, that though the writer does not appear to be troubled with any particular religious doctrines of his own, he does not, though a Prussian, write in an irreligious tone, and has sufficiently clear ideas of right and wrong, and sufficient gravity of mind, to constitute him a by no means incompetent judge of the character of a people like the Corsicans.

And a very remarkable race he describes them. Comparatively softened and civilised in the towns, but more than mediæval—almost primitive—in the mountains, the whole life of the island bears the deepest traces of those ideas which characterise the transition period between the patriarchal and the national states of society. The entire heroic history of the Corsicans, he says, springs purely and singly from the natural law of the sacredness and inviolability of the family; and even their free constitution, which they gave themselves in the course of time, is only a further development of the "family." All their virtues spring from this spirit; and even the dreadful night-sides of their life, such as their blood-revenge, belong to the same root.

Gregorovius carefully collected all the statistics of the island, and some of them are sufficiently remarkable. In a



population of a quarter of a million, all but about fifty individuals are Catholics. Here are a few facts on which the devotees of our home civilisation might profitably ponder. The Corsicans have nearly one thousand clergy; that is, about one to every *two hundred and fifty* souls. What a frightful amount of priestcraft! exclaims the enlightened Bull. Why, allowing for women and children, this makes one priest to every fifty grown-up men; the very land must be stifled with ecclesiastical laziness! And as for the vice, it must be imagined, not described! But mark the *fact*. The number of women of immoral life in London is as nearly as possible ninety times as great, by the Protestant Colquhoun's calculation, in proportion to the population, as it is in Corsica. There are actually more *artists* in the island than women of bad life. The bodily health is proportionate to the spiritual; only about one person in every hundred being set down as an *invalid*, in the census of 1851. But then, *pace medicorum nostrorum*, they have only one-third as many doctors as priests; consequently health is good and life is long. As to lawyers, they are at a worse discount than doctors; there being only about one lawyer to every five priests. The only set-off to this last fact, is the circumstance that there are just about as many banditti as lawyers in the island, namely, about two hundred of each.

The existence of these banditti in the mountains, and the partial prevalence of the old horrible *vendetta*, or blood-revenge, are the two striking features which mark out Corsica as a land where modern life is yet in its infancy. The first of these evils partly results from the facility with which refugees from other countries have always found refuge in the island, fostering not only the spirit of lawlessness which exists among the mountaineers, but actually adding to the number of the wildest outlaws themselves. The political exiles of revolutionised Europe are tolerated by the French government in Corsica, severely as they are driven from France itself. It is, however, the absence of roads and of general intercourse which permits the banditti still to defy the arm of the law, and makes Corsica now what the Scotch Highlands were a hundred years ago. Their conflicts with the police and military are often sanguinary and frightful. Gregorovius has many stories about the banditti; one of the most characteristic is the account of the termination of the career of one of the most bloodthirsty of their number. On the second day after arriving at Bastia, he says:

"I crossed the square of San Nicolao, the public promenade of the Bastinese, in the early morning, to take a bathe in the sea. The hangmen were just erecting the guillotine close to the tribunal, not

exactly in the middle of the square, but yet within its bounds. Carabineers and people surrounded this horrid scene, to which the bright sea and the peaceful olive-groves formed the sharpest contrast. The atmosphere was dull and heavy with the scirocco. On the quay stood mariners and workmen in groups, smoking their clay pipes in silence, and gazing at the red post; and many a one in his pointed *baretto*, with his brown jacket thrown over him, and his brown breast open, and a red neckerchief negligently tied, looked as if he might have more to do with the guillotine than as a mere spectator. And, in truth, there may have been none among the crowd who was secured from the fate that awaited this bandit, if he chanced to be driven by the hallowed custom of revenge for blood to murder, and from murder to the life of a bandit.

“ ‘Who is to be executed?’

“ ‘Bracciamozzo (the cripple-arm). He is only twenty-three years old. The *sbirri* caught him on the mountains; he defended himself like a devil; they shot away one of his arms, and it was taken off; but he recovered.’

“ ‘What is his offence?’

“ ‘*Dio mio!* He killed ten men!’

“ ‘Ten men! and what for?’

“ ‘For *capriccio!*’

“I hastened to the sea to enjoy my bathing, and then back to my *locanda*, not to meet the procession. The impressions were so frightful, that a cold shudder came over me in this wild solitude. I took out my Dante; I felt as if I must read one of the wild fantasies of his *Inferno*, where the pitch-devils push down the poor souls with harpoons as often as they try to rise to snatch a breath of air. My *locanda* was in the narrow and gloomy Jesuit-street. An hour elapsed, and I was called to the window by a hollow murmur and trotting of horses; Bracciamozzo was led past the house, escorted by the Capuchins in their hooded cloaks, that leave no part of the face free but the eyes, which peer out in a most ghostly fashion—corporeal demon forms, gloomily murmuring to themselves, and awful, seeming as if they had sprung into life from Dante’s Hell. The bandit walked with a firm step between two priests, one of whom held a crucifix before him. He was a young man of middle stature, with a fine bronzed head, and curly raven locks, and a pallor on his cheek, which was still further heightened by the blackness of his whiskers. His left arm was bound on his back, and the other was a stump. His eye, which must have been fiery as a tiger’s when the passion of murder thrilled through him, was now still and tranquil. He was muttering prayers, as it seemed, as he went. His step was firm and his carriage erect. At the head of the procession rode *gens-d’armes* with naked swords; behind the bandit followed the Capuchins in pairs; the procession was closed by the black coffin—a white cross and a death’s head were delineated upon it. It was carried by four merciful brothers. Slowly the procession passed through the Jesuit-street, followed by the



muttering crowd ; and thus they led the vampire with the maimed wing to the gallows. I never saw a more awful scene, nor any whose smallest features have so daguerreotyped themselves in my memory against my will.

"I was told afterwards that the bandit had died without flinching, and that his last words were, 'I pray God and the world for forgiveness, for I acknowledge that I have done much evil.'

"This young man, I was told, was not an avenger of blood for personal reasons, but a bandit from ambition. His story casts much light upon the terrible state of the island. At the time of the fame of Massoni, who had avenged a kinsman's blood and then become bandit, Bracciamozzo, as the young Giacomino was called after the mutilation of his arm, used to bring him his food ; for these banditti have always an understanding with their friends and the goat-herds, who bring them their provisions in their hiding-places, and receive pay whenever money is to be had. Giacomino, intoxicated by the renown of the brave bandit Massoni, got into his head that he would play a similar part, and gain the admiration of all Corsica. So he killed a man, and then escaped to the bush and became a bandit. One by one he killed ten men, and was called by the people *Vecchio*, the old one ; probably because, though a young man, he had already spilt as much blood as an old hand. This *Vecchio* one day shot the universally beloved physician Malaspina, the uncle of a gentleman in the Balagna who was very hospitable to me ; he took up his position in a bush, and fired right into the diligence as it came along from Bastia. The wild devil then escaped again to the mountains till he was overtaken by justice.

"So fearful a life's history may a man have in Corsica. There no one despises the bandit, who is neither thief nor robber, but only a warrior and avenger, and free as the eagle on the mountain-tops. Men with fantastical aspirations are excited by the idea of reaping glory by deeds of arms, and living in the popular ballads. The fiery temperament of these men, who are softened by no culture, who shirk labour as a dishonour, and who, thirsting for great actions, know nothing of the world but the wild mountains in which nature has confined them in the midst of the sea, seems, like a volcano, to demand an eruption. On another and a wider field, and in different circumstances, the same men who lurk for years in mountain caverns, and fight with the *sbirri* in the forests, would be mighty warriors, like Sampiero and Gaffori. The nature of the Corsicans is a warrior nature ; and I can find no more suitable description of it than that which Plato applies to his class of warriors, namely, 'full of passion' (*θυμοειδής*). The Corsicans are *passionate* creatures ; jealousy, glory, ambition, vengeance—all these consuming passions are theirs, and they are born warriors in every sense of the term.

"I was curious to learn whether, after Bracciamozzo's execution, the ladies would take their usual evening promenade on the square of San Nicolao, and I failed not to make my appearance there. And, behold, some Bastinese belles were walking in the square



where the bandit's blood had flowed in the morning. Nothing betrayed the event of the morning, and it was as though nothing remarkable had occurred. I also took a few turns there, for the sea was most luxuriously tinted. The fishing-boats then began to sail with their lights, and the fishermen to sing the beautiful fishing-song—*O pescator dell' onde*.

"There are in Corsica nerves of granite, and no smelling-bottles at all."

The *vendetta* is just what it is, or has been, elsewhere; in Europe, America, or wherever the non-existence or weakness of law has left it to private persons to exact justice on evil-doers. What ought to be punishment becomes revenge, and the chastisement inflicted on the perpetrator of a crime becomes the fruitful parent of unnumbered horrors. In Corsica, as in other countries, this very vengeance is, except by men of practical religiousness, regarded not only with toleration, but even with honour, by persons of otherwise humane dispositions. In the avenger of blood, the wild Corsican sees only the brother exacting justice on the murderer of his nearest kinsman:

"Wo, then, to him who has slain a Corsican's brother or kinsman! The deed is done, the murderer flies, in double fear, of justice which punishes murder, and of the deceased's kindred, who will avenge it. For no sooner has the deed become known, than the fallen man's relations seize their arms and hasten to find the murderer. He has escaped to the bush, and is perhaps scrambling up there to the eternal snows, and living with the wild sheep; his track is lost. But the murderer has relatives—brothers, cousins, a father; these know that they must answer for the deed with their blood. So they arm, and are on their guard. The life of those who suffer the *vendetta* is extremely miserable. Whoever has cause to fear the *vendetta*, shuts himself up in the house, and barricades the doors and windows, in which he leaves only loopholes open. The windows are stopped up with straw and mattresses—a proceeding which is called *inceppar le fenestre*. A Corsican house in the mountains, naturally high and narrow, almost like a tower, and with a very high flight of stone steps, is easily converted into a fortress. In this castle the Corsican always keeps on his guard, lest a ball through the windows should hit him. His kinsmen till the ground in arms; they set a watch, and are not sure of a single step in the fields. Cases were told me in which Corsicans had not left their fortified dwellings for ten or fifteen years, and had passed so large a part of their life under siege and in constant fear of death. For Corsican revenge never sleeps, and the Corsican never forgets. It happened a short time ago in Ajaccio, that a man who had lived ten years in his chamber and ventured at last into the road, fell down dead on his return before the threshold of his house. The bullet of the

man who had watched for him ten years long had pierced his heart!"

The very national songs are full of these terrible ideas:

"To take no revenge is deemed dishonourable by the genuine Corsicans. The feeling of revenge is with them a natural sentiment, a consecrated passion. Revenge has in their songs become a worship, which is celebrated as a religion of natural affection. But a sentiment which the people have taken into their songs as a national and an essential one is ineradicable; most of all when woman has ennobled it as *her* feeling. Most of the Corsican songs of vengeance are composed by girls and women, and are sung from the mountains to the sea-shore. This produces a perfect atmosphere of revenge, in which the people live and their children grow up; and thus they drink in the savage idea of vendetta with their very mother's milk. In one of these songs they sing, 'Twelve souls are not enough even to avenge the deceased's—boots!' That is Corsican! A man like Hamlet, who strives, and is unable, to fill himself with the spirit of vengeance for blood, the Corsicans would account the meanest of mortals. Perhaps nowhere in the world is human life and human blood worth so little as in Corsica. The Corsican is ready to shed blood; but he is also ready to die."

The laws are extremely severe against the crimes thus perpetrated; and though they cannot extirpate them, no doubt they considerably diminish them. The very use of angry and irritating words is punishable; and no where is the spirit of Christian forgiveness displayed more strikingly in exercise. Mediators also, termed *parolanti*, often interpose between the hostile parties, and induce them to take an oath of reconciliation—a pledge very rarely broken; while he who does break it is regarded as infamous, and as proscribed by God and man.

But Corsica possesses other features of old times besides those that are wild and lawless. Our traveller found a real hermit living at Stretta; and what was more, he was actually a Prussian by birth, and originally a Protestant. The picture of his life is too interesting to be omitted:

"They told me at Stretta that a countryman of mine, a Prussian, was settled there, an old eccentric man on crutches; and they had told him also that a countryman of his had arrived. So as I was returning from Clement Paoli's death-chamber, absorbed in thoughts of this old religious hero, my old countryman came hobbling up on crutches, and gave me a German shake of the hand. I ordered breakfast, and we sat down to it; and I listened for hours to the extraordinary stories of old Augustine of Nordhausen.

" 'My father,' he said, 'was a Protestant clergyman, who wished to educate me in Lutheranism; but even as a child I could not like

the Protestant church, and I soon discovered that Lutheranism was a blaspheming of the sole true Church, as it exists in spirit and in truth. The idea of turning missionary passed through my head. I attended the Latin school at Nordhausen, and got as far as logic and rhetoric. And when I had learned rhetoric, I went to the beautiful land of Italy, to the Trappists at Casamari, and was silent for eleven years.'

" 'But, friend Augustine, how could you keep that up?'

" 'Why, to be sure, any one who is not cheerful cannot stand it long; a melancholy person becomes crazy among the Trappists. I could joiner; and I joinered the whole day, and secretly hummed a tune to my work.'

" 'What had you to eat?'

" 'Vegetable soup two plates full, bread as much as we would, and half a bottle of wine. I used to eat little, but I never left a drop in the bottle. God be praised for the good wine! My brother on the right was always hungry; he always ate two plates of soup and five pieces of bread to it.'

" 'Have you ever seen Pope Pio Nono?'

" 'Yes, and spoken to him as a friend. He was at Rieti in the capacity of bishop, and I went there in my cowl, when I was in another convent, to fetch the consecrated oil on Good Friday. I was then very ill. The Pope kissed my cowl when I came to him in the evening; and on taking leave of me he said, "Fra Agostino, you are ill; you must eat something." "Sir Bishop," I said, "I have never seen a brother eat anything on Good Friday." "No matter; you are absolved, for you are ill." Then he sent to the first hotel for half a fowl, some meat-broth, preserve, and wine, and I sat at his table.'

" 'What, did the Holy Father eat too?'

" 'He ate only three nuts and three figs.—I now became more and more ill, and I went to Tuscany. Suddenly I took a dislike to the works of men, and abominated them fundamentally. I resolved to turn hermit. So, taking my tools with me, and buying what I needed, I sailed to the little island of Monte Cristo. It is a little island of nine miles in circuit, uninhabited but by wild-goats, snakes, and rats. In ancient times the Emperor Diocletian kept St. Mamilian, Archbishop of Palermo, in exile there; the saint built himself a church upon the heights, where a convent was subsequently founded. There were once fifty monks there, first Benedictines, then Cistercians, and then the Carthusians of St. Bruno. The monks of Monte Cristo erected many hospitals in Tuscany, and did much good; they founded the hospital of Maria Novella at Florence. Now the Saracens carried off the monks of Monte Cristo, with all their servants and oxen; but the goats climbed up the rocks and could not be caught, and so they became wild.'

" 'Did you live in the old convent?'

" 'No, it is in ruins. I lived in a cave, which I fitted up with my tools, and closed up by a wall in front.'



“ ‘How did you pass your long days? I suppose you were always praying?’

“ ‘O no! I am no Pharisee. One cannot pray much. What is God’s will happens. I had my flute. I went out to shoot the wild-goats, or sought for stones and plants, or watched how the sea came up against the rocks. I had also books to read.’

“ ‘What sort of books?’

“ ‘The whole works of the Jesuit, Paul Pater Segneri.’

“ ‘What grows upon the island?’

“ ‘Nothing but heath and wild-cherries. There are some little dells that are pretty and green; all the rest is rock. A Sardinian came to the island and gave me some seed, so I got vegetables, and even planted trees.’

“ ‘Is there good stone upon the island?’

“ ‘Yes, fine granite and black tourmalin, which is found in the white stone; and of black garnets I discovered three kinds. At last I fell dreadfully ill in Monte Cristo; and luckily some Tuscans came and brought me away. Now I have been here eleven years on this accursed island among its rogues; for they are all rogues alike. The physicians sent me here; but when a year is over I hope to see the land of Italy again. Such a life as that in Italy there is not in all the world besides: and the people are agreeable. I am getting old, and walk with crutches; and being old, and having thought to myself, “I shall soon have to give up my joinering, and yet desire not to go a-begging,” I went to the mountains and discovered the Negroponte.’

“ ‘What is Negroponte?’

“ ‘It is the earth of which they make tobacco-pipes in Negroponte; at home they call it Meerscham. It is a perfect flower of a stone. This Negroponte is as good as that in Turkey; and, when I have brought it out, I shall be the only Christian that has manufactured it.’

“ ‘Old Augustine would have me go into his workshop. He has fitted it up in the convent, underneath the rooms of poor Clement; there he showed me with delight his Negroponte, and the pipe-bowls he had already made and laid out in the sun to dry.

“ ‘I fancy every one has once in his life a time when he would be glad to go into the green-wood and turn hermit; and every one has once in his life a time when he would like to keep silence like a Trappist.

“ ‘This picture of old Augustine’s life I have recorded because it made such an impression on my imagination; and I think it is a genuine piece of German nature.’”

There is not much that is interesting in what the traveller saw and learnt of the Bonapartes and their possessions. The family house lay desolate and deserted. Contrast this sketch of its condition with what we all know of the palaces now inhabited by Napoleon the Third.

"From the street of St. Charles you emerge on a small rectangular place. An elm-tree stands before an old-fashioned, yellowish-grey, stuccoed, three storied-house, with a flat roof, and a gallery on the roof, with six windows to the front, and worn-out looking doors. On the corner of this house you read the inscription, 'Place Létitia.'

"No marble tablet tells the stranger who comes from Italy, where the houses of great men announce themselves by inscriptions, that he stands before the house of Bonaparte. He knocks in vain at the door; no voice answers, and all the windows are fast closed with grey Venetian shutters, as if the house was in the state of siege of the vendetta. Not a creature appears in the square. Every thing around appears dead, as if really extinct or scared away by the name of Napoleon.

"At last an old man appeared at a window in the neighbourhood, and told me to come again in two hours, when he would procure the key for me.

"Bonaparte's house, but little altered since his time, as they assured me, is, if not a palace, yet at any rate the dwelling of a family of rank and consequence. This is declared by its exterior; and it may be called really a palace, in comparison with the village-cabin in which Pasquale Paoli was born. It is roomy, comfortable, and cleanly. But all furniture has disappeared from the rooms, the tapestry alone being left upon the walls, and that is worn out. The floor, which is inlaid with small red hexagonal flags in the Corsican fashion, shows itself injured in places. The rooms were rendered quite dreary and uncomfortable-looking by their bareness, and the darkness occasioned by the closed shutters.

"This dwelling-house was brightened up of old, in the time of the fair Létitia, by the life of a large family and cheerful hospitality; now it looks like a burial-vault, and one searches in vain for any object on which imagination might seize, to fill up the picture of the history of its mysterious inhabitants. The bare walls tell no tales."

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#### BALMEZ' MISCELLANIES.

*Mélanges, &c.*:—*Miscellanies, Religious, Philosophical, Political, and Literary.* By J. Balmez. Translated into French by J. Bareille. 3 vols. Paris: L. Vivès.

BALMEZ' great work on the comparative influence of Catholicity and Protestantism on the civilisation of Europe has been long known to English readers; and his still greater work, the *Fundamental Philosophy*, is promised to us, under the supervision of Dr. Brownson, whose knowledge of this kind of

literature is, perhaps, more profound than that of any of our contemporaries. The present book completes our view of the man, and tells us what he thought of contemporary events, and the views that he took of the politics of Europe. It consists chiefly of reprints of his contributions to the three reviews with which he was successively connected, under the titles of "Civilisation," "Society," and "The National Idea." In such fragmentary essays we must not look for the finish and development of his more systematic works; but still, with much that is inferior, there is a vast quantity of most interesting matter, quite up to the level of what his reputation would lead us to expect. The papers on social questions are beyond comparison the best; and those which treat these points abstractedly are better than the papers on the special politics of Spain. The essays on speculative philosophy are not so numerous, and are of inferior value; those on the existence of God seem to us quite poor, rather mathematical than ontological, and as applicable to the idea of an *anima mundi*, or of a primeval unconscious law, as to the idea of a personal deity. The papers on religion are remarkably simple; indeed some of them appear to have been written for children. The literary essays are of various degrees of merit, the best being always those which treat the subject in a philosophical point of view. Philosophical thought is the real domain of Balmez; and when he attempts fine writing, he does not appear in our eyes, as he does to M. Bareille, a poet. The fragments on which his translator founds this claim are rather premeditated attempts at fine writing than real pieces of inspiration; and Balmez himself seems to have had this idea of them, or he probably would not have left them all in so very fragmentary a state.

In social and political questions Balmez appears to have kept his eye on France, "the heart of Europe" as he calls it, and to have generalised his ideas of French history into a philosophy of society;—or rather (for, as we have put it, we have not done justice to our author's logic), to have used French social progress as the type of the progress to be looked for in other European nations. If he contrasts the present scepticism of Europe with that of the last century, it is from its character in France that he draws a favourable augury for the resurrection of faith and confidence throughout the entire continent. "France," he says—

"France doubted in the time of Louis XV.; she still doubts in the reign of Louis Philippe. The two situations offer numerous points of resemblance, but in a different order; then it was a man educated in sound ideas perverted with doubt; now it is a man



tired of errors and follies, who doubts the very doctrines he had embraced with enthusiasm, and who seeks instinctively in the truth a sure ground where his soul, worn out with so many deceptions, may rest. Then society was slipping down a gentle but dangerous incline, which was leading it to immorality, to atheism, and to all the horrors of the Convention; now it is still moving, slowly enough indeed, but towards religion, towards morality, and therefore towards public and private happiness."

Again, if he is tempted to despair when he sees to what hands the revolutions of Spain commit the guidance of that unhappy country, and the principles which such men are likely to introduce into the government, it is from the contemporary state of France under the despicable administration of Louis Philippe that his forebodings take their shape and colour. His prognostications of the evils of Spain are mental photographs of the then actual evils of France, which he in an eloquent passage declares to be greater than even those of the first revolution:

"It is not the greatest misfortune of a nation to see the blood of her sons flow on the field of battle . . . . nor to behold a political system stumble, and the mechanism of the state fall to pieces; and to be thus obliged to organise a system more in conformity to its needs, more proper to consolidate its powers. God has not left human society in such a state of sterility, that it has but one means of maintaining itself, one plan on which it can be governed. . . . Nor is it its greatest misfortune, if amidst the shocks and disorganisation of a stormy period, serious attempts have been made against material interests, however respectable they may be. . . . These misfortunes are doubtless great and lamentable; they imply crying injustice, shameful scandals, disgusting immorality, baseness, intrigues, corruption of the heart and degradation of the intellect; but still these calamities are not the greatest that the spirit of evil can pour on the earth; beyond these there are still more terrible evils. These are realised when the intellectual and moral existence of society is attacked in its source; when, in the midst of the comforts of peace, amidst material progress, even by the very means of the development of public prosperity and national well-being, religious faith is mined and destroyed, ideas of morality perverted, minds enervated by sensual pleasures, pride and luxury excited beyond all bounds; when by these means social and domestic ties are relaxed and often broken; when the worship of gold is publicly established; when the most shameful vices have also their apotheosis in the prostitution of the fine arts, and the abominations of literature; when selfishness takes the place of virtue; when littleness, cowardice, *ruse*, and flattery have succeeded the noble and generous sentiments."

Balmez fears that the Spanish revolution may be followed by such a period—

“ Which men will doubtless call the era of regeneration ; when, on the one hand, there will be shown a hypocritical cleverness in avoiding all contact and compromise with the popular doctrines ; but where, on the other hand, every effort tending to resuscitate good principles and ancient institutions will be repressed with blind prejudice. The alliance of order and liberty will become the magnificent formula of the new social system. No more anarchy, they will say, nothing that smells of democratic exaggeration ; but also, no more despotism, no more superstition, no more of any thing inspired by intolerance and fanaticism. A strong power, a vigorous administration, the centralisation of all the forces of the nation ; but liberty for ideas, and a complete indulgence for morals. An active superintendence of education, and encouragement for light and for progress. Protection for the Church ; but a protection without confidence, full of suspicion, which excludes neither anger nor fear in the presence of a noble sacerdotal character, or of a bishop's pastoral characterised by a holy independence ; a protection which makes the churches respected, but yet confines religion to them, so that she cannot show her face outside, to pour out her saving influences into the bosom of society ; a protection which permits her to defend her dogma and her discipline against her enemies, on condition that she shall never expose the fatal tendencies of the government, the mischievous acts of the magistrates, the dangerous results of a system of education, the conduct of professors who sow in the minds of their pupils the seeds of corruption and error. A few years of order and peace would thus utterly change the ideas, the manners, the character of a nation.” (Vol. iii. p. 63.)

And again, when his prophetic spirit would know the end of these things, it is still the history of France, England, and Rome that he consults. In Bonaparte, Cromwell, and Cæsar, he sees that the establishment of a dictatorship marks the close of an era of revolution, the forcible repression of an outrageous democracy, and at the same time the consolidation of society on the line of its own natural progress—“ though the revolution had exhausted its elements, it would still prolong its existence ; and yet order had become an irresistible necessity : and these great men were nothing but the personification of this social necessity : their iron hands worked out the transition between two situations which seemed separated by an abyss.”

The present state of France is the best comment on Balmez' sagacity ; and we cannot find a better vindication of the great man who in saving France has saved Europe, than the sentences written by the profound Spaniard years before his prognostications were accomplished. It has been the fashion to call Louis Napoleon a despot. Balmez well shows that he cannot be a despot unless his subjects are slaves. Despot is



a relative term; its complement is nothing else but slave; where the people are not slaves, their ruler, whatever the form of government may be, is not a real despot. The distinction does not depend on any such material thing as his election once for all by universal suffrage; for a nation of slaves might elect their own despot; but on the government resting on public opinion, not once for all declared and then silent for ever, but continually manifested in the manners and character of a nation. The master of slaves is a despot; the master of men with a will of their own is a prince. But we will let Balmez speak for himself:

“The cruelty and other vices which disfigure the sovereign power (in despotic governments) do not proceed so much from its excess of power, as from the ideas and manners of the society which it governs. Such society has no real knowledge of the dignity of man, nor of the rights which he has as man, nor of the relations which he should have with his fellow-men. Such society has only very false ideas on the origin and object of all authority. When the sovereign ill-treats his subjects, when he abuses his power against their persons or their possessions, which he ought to be the first to protect and respect, he applies to the sphere of his action the rules which he sees established around him for all other kinds of authority. In such countries the power of fathers is usually excessive and tyrannical; children are subjects to their father as slaves to their master; and the wife herself, instead of being, as she ought, the companion of man, is but one of his slaves. These men are not led by reason and persuasion; force is the only means yet discovered; it is employed on every occasion, and the only idea of a strong government is that it should accomplish its ends by violence. The obedience of the subject not being founded on high motives only degrades him; he trembles and submits, like a domestic animal when he hears his master's whip, or else he flies at him and tears him, like a wild-beast.” . . . . . “The ideas, the manners, the rules of government which kings follow, spring from the society which they govern.” . . . . .

It is the organic life of the civilised nations of Europe which not only renders real despotism impossible, but also in a great measure counteracts and neutralises the base attempts of immoral and material governments to recast society on their own chosen model. Such attempts do not arise only from despotic power; it is not to the *form* of government that they are due, but to the personal views of the men in power; they are now more fatal in the hands of constitutional authorities, such as the cabinet of Louis Philippe and the radical Swiss, than in monarchies like Prussia and Baden. Balmez is convinced that any similar attempt in Spain, however trying it may be, will be ultimately unsuccessful:



“ The idea of throwing a whole nation into the crucible to recast it in another mould is one that has shipwrecked many a revolution. If the enterprise were undertaken by a regular government, solidly established, placed in fortunate circumstances, having many elements of strength at its command, its action would certainly be more terrible than that of a revolution ; yet we are convinced that it would fail before the obstacles raised against such an idea by the manners of the people, their faith, their received ideas, and their good sense.”

One thing, however, is necessary for repelling the insidious assaults of our modern charlatans against the old faith and foundations of society : which is, that society should be enabled to see through the hollowness of their pretensions. The practical mind of Balmez did not overlook this fact, and nowhere is he more earnest and eloquent than when enforcing the necessity of the clergy, and, as far as possible, all Catholics according to their station, being educated at least up to the level of the age. We do not pretend that this is any new idea ; it is one that is pretty strongly felt among us, or we should not be now making such endeavours (whether adequate or inadequate we will not inquire) to improve popular education by the arrangements of our Poor-school Committee, and liberal education by the Irish University. The necessity of the clergy's being able to take rank with the highest in the literary and scientific circles of the day has often been expressed before, and perhaps by no one more clearly than by a quaint and fanciful English philosopher in the beginning of the eighteenth century—Hutchinson. He says :

“ Whenever the clergy of the true or false religion . . . . were philosophers, and maintained that the knowledge of natural things was consonant to the foundation of the religion they professed, the body of the people followed them ; but whenever any set of divines of either religion cannot make philosophy, or the account of natural things, consonant with what they teach for sacred truths ; or whenever any other set of men have been able to show really or to appearance that such knowledge was inconsistent with their religion, or have proved, or been suffered to contradict, or to pretend to prove the tradition false on these points, so that the clergy could not disprove, gainsay, or hinder them,—those clergy have been in danger of falling into contempt ; their scripture or tradition has not been believed ; their opponents have carried away the body of the people into such notions, even in religion, as they thought fit to propagate.”

The result of the attacks of Voltaire and the Cyclopædists on the science of the clergy in France is a commentary on this text ; it is a lesson which has impressed itself on the

mind of Balmez, and which draws from him the following remarks, which, as coming from the mouth of one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics of the present century, may earnestly be recommended to the serious consideration of our own theological students :

“ When it is required to defend the truth, we must fight on the field which our enemies occupy, unless we like to be called friends of darkness and exclusiveness, and to have it said of us that we can never overcome except we are allowed to trace the lists, and dispose them in such a way as to insure to ourselves the advantage of the *mêlée*, and the honours of the triumph. Our adversaries employ different modes of attack, according to circumstances and times ; and this not so much on premeditated system, as under the influence of the spirit of the age ; they make use of the arguments that are most conformable to the intellectual state of the epoch.

“ From these considerations it follows, that it is indispensably necessary for the Catholic clergy to be educated to the level of their time, so that the cause of falsehood may not possess advantages which that of truth is without. The ministers of religion ought to be penetrated with the importance and gravity of this duty ; they ought, while they live separated from the world by their purity of life and austerity of manners, not to remain immovable in the midst of the movement that is taking place around them ; they should engrave this truth deeply on their hearts, that there is no real repugnance between the light of the intellect and rectitude of heart, that science is not the enemy of virtue, and that ecclesiastics may have their eyes fixed on the progress of the age, without allowing themselves to be defiled by the corruption which too often accompanies it.

“ The man who is charged to teach his fellows the most important truths ought not to be a stranger to any branch of knowledge ; for as he is obliged to offer the model of all virtues in his conduct, so is he obliged to hold the sceptre of knowledge. Indeed it must be owned that the union of sanctity, science, and the priesthood, forms so sublime a whole, that the most incredulous succumb, sooner or later, to its influence. Only observe what passes in the world, and you will see, that where these three powers are found in union, there also all sympathies and all homage are directed. . . . .

“ Since the members of the clergy, by the very nature of their institute, must live separate from the world, especially while they are being educated in the seminaries, they run the risk of being habituated to ideas, feelings, and usages which have nothing in common with those which are current in society. This inconvenience, which springs from the very nature of things, can only be corrected by a felicitously combined system of education, which, while it causes the young clergy to be penetrated with the spirit of the Gospel, by which they should regulate their lives, causes them also to know the spirit of the age, so that they may be able to direct



successfully those for whom they may be called to exercise their ministerial functions. And let no one think that such a system is at all impossible. . . . . Such a result cannot perhaps be attained by long dissertations; there are things which the feelings can appreciate better than the intellect; and often a stroke, an anecdote, a pertinent reflection, a picture of manners, will teach more of the spirit of the age than a thick volume.

“Two things are necessary for the success of this system: books and professors; and, above all, a good selection of them. . . .

“When religion completely ruled society, and kept it in tutelage; when the clergy was the first order, exercising in different ways a real political power, and keeping the pre-eminence in science and literature,—the scholar of the sanctuary acquired even there a certain knowledge of the spirit of the age. The literature, the philosophy, and the other higher subjects which he learned in his school, were the same as those taught in the universities and other public establishments. But now, when religion is divorced from politics, when scepticism is rife in society, when the ecclesiastical sciences are despised, and all that savours of scholastic discussion is disdained, the young man who comes forth from the seminary where these facts have not been taken into account finds himself in a world which he understands not, and which does not understand him. He meets scientific men who speak a language quite different from that of the men of science of another epoch, which is the only one that our novice is acquainted with. If he attacks an adversary, he starts from principles which his adversary does not admit; if he is attacked, and has to defend himself, he uses expressions very scientific doubtless, but whose drift is not comprehended by the speaker who hears them for the first time: so that it may easily happen that a young man of good talents, of much learning, even of profound science, may find himself embarrassed by an ignoramus: not because he has not very excellent arms, but because he cannot use them in the fashion of the day. It is, then, most urgently necessary, that all who take a share in the direction of studies in ecclesiastical establishments should employ every means of presenting their teaching and their science to the world in acceptable form, without allowing them to lose any of their exactness and solidity, without contracting any of that levity and indecision which form one of the dangers of our epoch. It is not impossible, we repeat, to render the teaching of St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Bellarmine, Suarez, and Melchior Canus, accessible to the spirit of our age. It is only requisite that the same ideas should be clothed in a different form, that the reasoning should be conducted by the new method, and that the principles of the argument, when natural reason is appealed to, should be adapted to the taste of contemporary science. This taste is perhaps capricious, light, inferior to that of former ages; but what matter? we cannot alter it,—it is a fact: and disapprove it as we may, we must know it, and act according to the conditions it imposes on us. To protest against this fact, to be obstinate in



maintaining that it is not real, to reason as if it did not exist,—is to strive against the power of nature, to condemn oneself to live in isolation, to deprive oneself of a means of acting on society, to refuse to employ in defence of religion arms that might be extremely useful for her, to forget the conduct which all the doctors of the Church have always followed, in applying to science the rule of the Apostle, ‘to make oneself all things to all men, to gain them all to Jesus Christ.’”

In another article the writer goes on to propose that the clergy should be the instructors of the people in the improvements of agriculture and the arts, and the organs of government for the collection of all kinds of statistical information.

But it is time that we should give a specimen of Balmez' powers in his more exclusively literary papers. If in our selection we should fall on passages which are as much social and philosophical as literary, it is because, as we said before, it is here that Balmez' strength lies; he is before all things a philosopher, and his best passages are all invested with this character. The following extract connects itself naturally enough with what has gone before, by the thought, that whatever we do to withstand or to guide the rushing torrent of society, the result does not depend on our genius or talent, but on the designs of the providence of God: society finds its expression in the man who, though he appears to guide it, is merely pushed on by the mass which he seems to draw. We have, then, only to do our duty, and leave the result in the hands of God. It proves no default in us, even of strength and talent, if we cannot mould society to our will. When it feels in its inmost heart that the form we would give it is necessary to it, it will run into our mould; though we shall have none of the merit of moulding it:

“ We do not mean to say that poets form society, that they hold in their hands the destinies of the human race. On the contrary, it is society which forms poets; it inspires them, informs them of its needs, fills them with its ideas and its sentiments; and when you think they are abandoning themselves to their imagination and their enthusiasm; when you see in their ideal creations only the work of their own hands, and in the various forms with which they embellish them only the impression of their own genius, of their own character, of their own fancy,—yet be sure that they have simply expressed the ideas, the sentiments, the different types of the society in which they live. . . . .

“ A man can no more withdraw himself from the influence of the society in which he lives than he can refrain from breathing the air that surrounds him. The most eminent geniuses are no exceptions to this rule; and even when they react on society, and give

it an impulse contrary to its tendencies, they are then only the living expression of a social necessity; they become the organ by which this reveals itself, the providential means of securing its development, an instrument to supply the new demand of society. Men have said that great geniuses have sometimes changed the direction of human progress, and thus immense events have been attributed to the action of a single man. This is not my idea; without denying the influence which genius may have had in the most important religious and political events, I am still persuaded that on this point there has been much exaggeration, and I think that the advent of such geniuses is due in great part to the extraordinary circumstances in which society is placed: they are put there to develop its ideas and its sentiments, and to realise its aspirations and its efforts. The truth of this observation may be shown from history: if we can read it with attention and discernment, we shall see how too often inferior men have sufficed to change the social aspect of a people, or even sometimes of many nations. Let us come to fact. Luther, a single man, a man who certainly was not a genius, but in whom extraordinary talents were united with a boundless enthusiasm, an insatiable pride, and a bitter and cruel eloquence; well, this man, with his strange aberrations, his insane declamations, made such a vast and profound revolution in Europe, that it would be difficult to find in any history a fact of the like nature, whose results have been so great, either in the political, or in the religious and moral order. How is it, then, that the enterprise of Luther had such an extraordinary success, so far surpassing even the dreams of his imagination? Because the occasion was so favourable, because there was a fatal concurrence of the most unfortunate circumstances, because the germs of the most frightful evils were sprouting in the womb of Europe; and Luther was nothing else than the spark thrown into this frightful mass of explosive substances. . . . Long before the birth of Luther, Cardinal Julian wrote to Pope Eugenius IV. to forewarn him of this long series of calamities which was to fall on the earth. . . . Voltaire himself, whose copious and versatile pen so powerfully served the progress of unbelief, was but in a manner the complement of the causes of disorder which were heaped up before him; he thought that all was due to his pen, all to his talent; and yet this man was but the product of the fatal circumstances of his epoch. Leibnitz prognosticated the religious and political revolution with which the world was threatened, assuredly without thinking of Voltaire, before the philosopher of Ferney was born. It is necessary to destroy false notions. We should attribute much to the series of events, to the chain of causes, and little, very little, to the action of man, or to his talents; it is Providence that directs society, in the ways traced in His eternal designs. . . ."

It is exactly into the mistake against which Balmez argues that the popular hero-worship of the day falls. It worships success, and calls it genius. Or rather, perhaps, it is a subtle



self-worship; it knows that individual genius is but the expression of society, as the *Times* newspaper represents the changing opinion of the hour; and so, in honouring genius it feels that it is in reality honouring simply the human race, an imaginary entity whose material progress it has erected into the *summum bonum* of all our aspirations, religious or secular.

Not that Balmez despises genius; on the contrary, we know of no more beautiful tribute to it than he has paid in comparing it to the creative power of God. Originality, the direct insight into nature, and power to imitate her operations, is somehow always to be preferred to laborious talent, which only imitates at second-hand, imitates art instead of nature, and reproduces for a succeeding age the direct imitations which charmed a former one. Only let us not measure genius by that vulgar standard, success; by success in the long-run, if you like, but never by the present appreciation: the real literary and scientific genius is not so much the man who is the expression of the present wants of society, as he who has an eye that sees deeper into nature than those of his contemporaries. The comparatively vulgar mind may ride the storm and appear to guide it, but he will open out no new views, and leave no impression behind him:

. . . . . "Read the most beautiful book you can imagine,—one in which talent, imagination, and sensibility abound; nevertheless if, in spite of the colouring with which the skill of the writer has succeeded in veiling his model, you make the discovery that it was not in his mind that the idea of the work first budded, its best recommendation is gone: it may deserve your esteem, never your admiration; you may read it with pleasure, never with enthusiasm.

"Our nature forces us to admire genius, which intoxicates us with delight at the sight of its incommunicable beauty, which astonishes and confounds us in the presence of creative power. It is wonderful that labour, the thing which really belongs to us, which is an act of our will, in which alone we have any merit, which is not a mere gift of nature—labour, however useful, however meritorious it may be, never extorts the same admiration as the fertility of natural talent. . . . . This child, we say, is very forward, very diligent, very studious—but that one is endowed with an extraordinary talent—if he chose he might soon eclipse all his school-fellows. The first sentence is a panegyric given to application, the second a homage paid to nature; yet which of the two children is most flattered? . . . . . Man would willingly sacrifice laborious merit for the brilliancy of a talent without labour and without merit. Doubtless this is unreasonable and capricious, full of pride and vanity; but still it shows the grandeur of our soul. . . . . We are all inclined to hide from others the pains and the labour



which our productions have cost us; we have all of us at the bottom of our heart the mysterious ambition of resembling in some sort that creative Power which said, 'Be light made, and light was made.'"

He describes originality to be the direct imitation of nature, not a second-hand imitation of classical models.

Here we must conclude. We feel confident that our readers will be so pleased with the extracts we have furnished, that they will desire to read the book itself. We should like to see selections from it published in English. We say selections; for many of the papers are, in our opinion, scarcely worth the trouble of translation.

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## Short Notices.

### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*The Catechism of the Council of Trent*; translated into English, with Notes, by the Very Rev. J. Donovan, D.D., E. Professor, Maynooth. (Dolman.) Some time ago, in noticing a translation of the Tridentine Catechism by a Mr. Buckley, we expressed our hope that his fellow-Protestants would take the opportunity of making themselves a little acquainted with the real doctrines of the Church against which they profess to "protest." We were not aware at the time that Mr. Buckley was a convicted literary plagiarist, and that in a former book he had stolen from Mr. Waterworth's *Council of Trent* to such an extent as to compel his publisher to make commercial satisfaction to Mr. Waterworth's publisher. On comparing his later performance with Dr. Donovan's translation of the Catechism of Trent (which we should remind our non-Catholic readers is quite a distinct thing from the Decrees of Trent), we find that Mr. Buckley has been at his old work again, though he has endeavoured to follow Pope's advice "to steal judiciously." He seems to have been at the pains of copying out the learned Doctor's translation, instead of handing it over almost *en masse* to the compositor; but the "adaptation" of his predecessor's version to his own purposes is as palpable as his former "adoption." Thus, if Donovan translates an active verb actively, Buckley usually gives it a passive form; if Donovan places the first member of a sentence first in order, Buckley pushes it on to the end, not a little to the damage of its construction. But his coolness appears coolest when he stumbles upon a tough passage which he feels himself unable to master. He then quietly gives us Donovan's version, word for word, adding "so Donovan," thus implying that in other instances his own version is a distinct and independent translation. We have not space to compare the two versions as to their grammatical and doctrinal correctness; but we have said enough to induce the reader to withdraw any good-will he may have felt towards Mr. Buckley for his literary adventures.

Dr. Donovan's version is already well known for its fidelity and the high ecclesiastical sanction it has received, and has a special claim on our readers. The importance of a more general study of the whole work cannot be too highly estimated. We state but a too well-known

fact, when we say that it is not studied by the Catholic laity to any thing like the extent which is desirable. Many hardly know that, though a "Catechism" in name, it is not written in the common form of question and answer, what are called the "questions" being merely the heads of the subjects expounded in each section. It was composed by decree of the Council of Trent, which also enjoined its translation into the vernacular, as a manual of theology for popular use. It has not, of course, the same binding obligation on the conscience as the Decrees of the Council; but short of this, its authority is unquestionable. The Protestant reader will probably be surprised at finding the immense extent of Scriptural quotation which runs through it from beginning to end. We should regard it as a healthy sign of the times, both as regards Catholics and Protestants, if the present edition of Dr. Donovan's version was speedily found insufficient for the demand. We may add, that the original Roman edition was revised by Cardinal Wiseman and Archbishop Cullen.

*Experimental Researches in Electricity.* By M. Faraday. Vol. III. (Taylor and Francis.) This third volume of Dr. Faraday's researches is especially interesting, as containing some approximations to a proof of the convertibility of all the forces of nature into each other, and of their rise from a common origin. Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and other forces, are already shown to be mutually related; and philosophers now begin to reckon gravitation as another form of the same power: the sun is supposed to be a magnet, radiating not only light and heat and chemical rays, but also lines of physical force, which whirl the planets in their orbits. No experimental proof of this idea has yet been successful; but probabilities in its favour seem to be accumulating.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Life of Napoleon III. illustrated from his Letters and Speeches.* By F. Greenwood. (London, Partridge and Oakey.) A short and rather clever biography, in which the author takes the safe middle course. He treats his subject with great suspicion, and finds him guilty of breaking his oath: but he owns that it was for the good of France; that by doing so he saved his country; and that his government has since been all that the friend of France could desire. He explains the Emperor's conduct, from the adventure of Strasbourg to the *coup-d'état*, as the steady and fanatical pursuit of the fixed idea of Napoleonism, which is his religious as well as political faith. We do not think that Mr. Greenwood's line is long enough to fathom the depths of the most remarkable man of his day.

*Willie Reilly and his dear Coleen Bawn: a Tale founded upon fact.* By W. Carleton. 3 vols. (London, Hope.) The "fact" on which this tale is founded is one full of dramatic interest; but Mr. Carleton does not seem to have been aware of its termination. For according to the legend, as it was recounted to us by a peasant authority, the heroine, instead of going mad for the period of the hero's transportation, went up to Dublin, and by her beauty and eloquence succeeded in obtaining from the Lord Lieutenant his release from the hulk in which he was awaiting the time of his deportation. The story is dramatic, and the action is energetic; but it hangs-fire in the telling, and is certainly heavy. It is useful for giving Protestants an idea of the consequences of the penal laws upon Irish society.



*Scutari and its Hospitals.* By the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne. (London, Dickinson.) We know well enough the sickening details of the idleness, stupidity, mismanagement, and incompetence of the authorities to whom the care of our sick soldiers was so unhappily confided; in this book they are collected, and furnish argument enough to put a stop to our boasting, if any thing can open our eyes to our humiliation in the sight of Europe. As yet, in Mr. Osborne's opinion, we are "chastised, but not corrected."

Whatever good has been done in the hospitals at Scutari is attributed by our author to Miss Nightingale and her "sisters;" and yet he thinks that it is very problematical whether they will supersede the hired professional nurses. "There are many offices about the sick and wounded which the surgeons would at once require, and with reason, of a hired hospital nurse, which nothing could induce them to ask of a sister. I am also quite satisfied this is no field of usefulness proper for young English women." They are not to be confounded with Sisters of Charity, whose training and vow put them quite in another category.

*An Inquiry into the Credibility of the early Roman History.* By the Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis. 2 vols. (London, J. W. Parker.) The present Chancellor of the Exchequer is even more strictly a literary man than his predecessor; as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and as one of the best scholars in England, he is a man of letters rather than a politician. The present work demolishes all the *positive* history of the early ages of Rome, which Niebuhr had extracted from the materials whose legendary character he had demonstrated. If they are legends, unsupported by external testimony, it is mere divination and guesswork to attempt to construct a history from them; each historian will make up a different account, and all will be equally uncertain. The Roman history is therefore restored to its old form; but the reader is advised, that the annals of the first four centuries of the city rest on no credible testimony, and must be received as merely legendary, the probability of their accuracy increasing as they approach the times of the first historical writers. We agree in the main with the author; but he seems to us to undervalue the accuracy of oral tradition in a powerful and civilised state, prior to the general use of writing; and to overvalue the objections against the substantial truth of a tradition drawn from the variations in details of its several reporters. The volumes will only be reaped by the scholar, but to him they are very valuable.

*History of Modern Italy, from the first French Revolution to 1850.* By R. H. Wrightson. (London, Bentley.) The author is a Protestant and a constitutionalist, and therefore we need not say what his views are. But he is a philosophical writer, a man of good principles, and a gentleman, and writes in a way at which no one ought to take offence. He is very severe on the secret societies and on young Italy; but the clerical government of the Roman States by no means escapes its share of blame. He thinks that the position of the Pope as head of the Catholic Church is inconsistent with his duties as an independent Italian prince, and calls on the Catholic nations of Europe to devise some other means to ensure the freedom of his ecclesiastical authority. Notwithstanding these and other opinions which few Catholics will approve, the book is well worth reading.

*The Angler and his Friend, or Piscatory Colloquies and Fishing Excursions.* By J. Davy, M.D., F.R.S. (London, Longmans.) A quiet, meditative, practical, and descriptive series of conversations on fishing-



tackle and fishing, with accounts of fishing excursions, intermixed with observations on natural history, scenery, poetry, and other subjects, much in the manner of old Isaac Walton. A very nice little book for those who love the gentle sport.

*A Tar of the last War, being the Services and Anecdotes of Admiral Sir C. Richardson.* By the Rev. C. E. Armstrong, Master of Hems-worth Hospital. (London, Longmans.) When a gentleman is taken from school at fifteen and sent to sea, and never has any supplementary education except what he can pick up among sailors (such as they were half-a-century ago), it is not surprising that he should view the world through the spectacles of wonder, and drink in opinions of things in general worthy of Mrs. Malaprop or Baron Munchausen. But that a parson, who has received a university education, should collect these anecdotes, and give them to the world, not for its amusement, but for its instruction; and should doctor them up so as to be in places hits at things as serious as Popery and Irish nationality, and should preface them with an introduction offering them to mankind as apothegms of political wisdom,—is a piece of weakness of which perhaps none but a parson would be guilty. Not but that some amusement may be gained from the perusal of the simple old admiral's self-glorification and absurd prejudices; and in this light we can recommend Mr. Armstrong's book to those in whose way it may happen to fall.

*A Journey through the United States and part of Canada.* By the Rev. R. Everest, M.A. (London, John Chapman.) Mr. Chapman is the well-known publisher of the Universalists, Socialists, Positivists, and authors of kindred opinions. The rev. author of this book (an ex-chaplain of the East India Company) does not seem to come under any of these classes; he is simply a fanatic for republicanism and cheap government, and as such can see in American institutions all possible good, and no evil save slavery. The poor emigrant is received there in a manner that wins his affections; people meet him on the pier where he lands, and shake his hand, and say, "Come, cheer up, we have no masters here; we are all brothers and friends. Welcome, brother citizen, welcome." Surely Mr. Everest must be such a know-nothing, that he ignores even his own principles. He is, of course, spiteful against Catholicity, which, however, he says, is dwindling to nothing in the States; thanks to the system of education, which, though not openly proselyting, by leaving the Catholic children to play with the rest, soon teaches them to "regard with contempt the artifices of the priests." The author also tells us, that the population of the States will soon amount to 300,000,000; and this is a fair specimen of the exaggeration and bombast into which he is betrayed by looking at things through the medium of his peculiar convictions.

*Modern Jesuitism; or, the Movements and Vicissitudes of the Jesuits in the Nineteenth Century, in Russia, England, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and other parts.* By Dr. E. Michelsen. (London, Darton.) Dr. Michelsen is known by some laborious and dry statistical works on the Ottoman empire, Nicholas I., and other subjects of present interest. He now turns his attention to the modern Jesuits, whose movements he recounts in the same colourless and dry style which he has adopted in his other books. He is a cold-blooded antagonist; and democrat though he be, always believes every insinuation and accusation which its imperial and royal enemies bring against the order, and discredits, though he does not attempt to deny, the ardent devotion and esteem with which it is always regarded by the masses of the population with which it

comes in contact. We know of nothing more calculated to inspire the thinking Catholic with admiration and affection for the Society of Jesus than the stupid, senseless, illogical, ignorant, cold, scandalous, heartless series of charges brought against it by literary grubs like Dr. Michelsen. The book is full of Germanisms, the author not being yet able to write like an Englishman. We annex a specimen of his venom: "In Ireland, Jesuitism stalks abroad almost unmasked; and it has become, with its daylight assassinations and wholesale murders, almost a disgrace to civilised nations, while even England suffers under the infliction of more than one establishment of this moral pest."

*Westward Ho! or, the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, &c.* By Charles Kingsley. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) We have always professed the greatest repugnance to the false liberalism of Mr. Kingsley and his school. Here is our full justification; it is a novel, elaborated with the greatest pains, and all for one purpose, which is thus described in a contemporary whose sympathies are decidedly not with us: "Mr. Kingsley uses his power over the feelings and the sympathies to excite a hatred of Catholicism. He may intend nothing but Christian love and charity; but the actual effect is to rouse a spirit of religious hatred and bitter intolerance; against which the reader may protest if he pleases, but he is none the less carried away."

*Hellas; or, the Home, History, Literature, and Art of the Greeks.* Translated from the German of F. Jacobs, by J. Oxenford. (London, J. W. Parker.) A short and excellent compendium, composed, like Bossuet's "Sketch of Universal History," for the scanty leisure and scantier application of a royal prince. A man may read it through in one sitting, and rise from its perusal with a consistent view of the organic connection of all parts of the Greek culture. Professor Jacobs' simple enthusiasm about all things Greek leads us to suppose that he was an Hegelian; but his views do not obtrude themselves. The translation is very good and flowing, though we have remarked a few blunders, as when the method of cure employed in the Temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus is said to have been "an incubation, during which the patients heard the voice of the god prescribing remedies." Perhaps the Temple in question was a kind of mare's-nest.

*Chaucer's Poems.* Vols. 3 and 4. (J. W. Parker.) These are the last published volumes of Mr. Bell's well-edited Annotated Edition of the English Poets. They complete the Canterbury Tales, and include "The Court of Love," "The Assembly of Foules," "The Cuckow and the Nightingale," and "The Flower and the Leaf."

*Masses for Four and Five Voices,* by Cherubini, Haydn, Drobisch, Witska, Hummel, and Righini. Arranged by John Richardson. (Burns and Lambert.) A serviceable selection of Masses of the orchestral school, all good, and in the case of Cherubini, of unusual excellence. They are not extravagantly long, nor very difficult; and Mr. Richardson's arrangements are as musician-like as usual. Cherubini's Mass, of which the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, and *Agnus Dei*, are here given, was lately performed at Exeter Hall, to the surprise and delight of all musical critics not previously acquainted with the grace and skill of that accomplished composer.

